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## FRANCE.

PARIS is on the eve of having a great show and a great festivity offered for its amusement, and Paris is totally absorbed in the prospect that lies before it. The King of SPAIN, that famous Monarch to unite whom to the unhappy daughter of CHRISTINA M. GUIZOT broke off the English alliance and risked the dangers of 1848, is about to pay a friendly visit to the head of a Buonapartist Empire. The QUEEN herself declines to go. Although France is so great, and Spain so small and so humble, the QUEEN still stands on her dignity and prefers to stay south of the Pyrenees. But the KING is at once somebody and nobody—too insignificant for his presence to indicate that the policy of Spain is changed, and yet entitled to regal honours, and offering France and Paris a splendid opportunity of showing what can be done on a great occasion. The KING is to see the waterworks at Versailles, and the camp at Chalons. He is to be the centre of mobs, promiscuous or select. He is to have a week of feasting and revelry, and is to look amazed, as if from a height, on the world and all its splendour. Paris delights heartily in all this; and when, a few days ago, the EMPEROR came to St. Cloud to make all ready beforehand, he was cheered with genuine enthusiasm, and the whole town was filled with adoration of his greatness and goodness. And yet the echoes had scarcely died away of the speech in which M. JULES FAVRE had pleaded so well for freedom, and had drawn so startling a picture of the humiliation to which France was willing to stoop, that he was held to have said all that could be said on the subject, and even M. BERRYER thought it unwise or unnecessary to follow him. The Government had decided on a prosecution which should damp the hopes of all who thought that, in the present Imperial system, there were visible the germs of liberty. It was determined to strike a blow at all electoral and Parliamentary opposition, and to render, once for all, utterly impossible those combinations of forces, and those schemes of a common policy, which are indispensable to an Opposition entering on a peaceful struggle with the Government. M. GARNIER PAGÈS had braved the anger of the authorities by successfully contesting a Paris election; and M. GARNIER PAGÈS, as a man of some mark, and as addicted to freedom with a sterner purpose than most Frenchmen, was selected as a promising victim, and used as a salutary example. There is a law in France which forbids any number of Frenchmen exceeding twenty to act together in any way, unless with the authority of the Government, and any candidate who wishes to win a popular election must confer with many more of his supporters than twenty. A meeting had been announced as being intended to be held at the house of M. GARNIER PAGÈS, and the police used this as a pretext for interference, and ultimately thirteen of the most eminent of those present were brought to trial for attending an unlawful meeting.

M. JULES FAVRE inveighed, in a strain of the boldest eloquence, against this act of tyranny. If the members of an Opposition might not meet together to concert peaceable and legal measures of resistance to the Government at the elections, all the elections were a mere farce, and the simplest rights of the people were openly trodden under foot. Nothing could be more simple or more obvious. But, unfortunately, the French law on political matters, being the offspring of the fears and selfish caution of successive Governments, is very lax in its terms, and may easily be used to crush an enemy of the Government, however prudent and cautious he may be. It is by no means clear that M. GARNIER PAGÈS and his friends did not offend against the letter of the law when they met at a private house to talk quietly and unobtrusively over an election. It may be quite true that, as M. JULES FAVRE said, if the law is interpreted in this way, all independence of electors and candidates is gone; but the law exists, whatever may be its consequences, and the Government

may safely reckon on the tribunals giving such an interpretation to the law as it desires, provided that the wording of the law offers the remotest excuse for the decision. A greater tribute has seldom been paid to eloquence in France than that a Court so humble as that appointed to decide, in the first instance, on the conduct of M. GARNIER PAGÈS and his friends, should have hesitated, even for a moment, simply because M. JULES FAVRE spoke so well and so nobly for the accused. There could be no doubt as to the result of the prosecution. Even if the words of the law were not, as in this case, so vague that an impartial interpreter would hesitate to assign their limits, the judges of an inferior court at Paris are not the sort of men to disappoint a Government that relies on them. The Government was sure of the decision, and the only question was how France and Paris would take the decision when it was announced. Would the trial only show the power of the Government, and teach the world how weak and unsupported the Opposition really is? or would a strong current of popular indignation be fanned into activity by an attack on freedom so arrogant and so unjustifiable? The result has shown that the Government has calculated rightly. Paris rang with praises of the eloquence of M. JULES FAVRE, and a warm tribute was paid to the courage and civic virtues of the accused. But Paris did not take to heart the injustice of which it was for a moment ready to complain. It did not care for these things. The trial was a show, which was excellent in its way, and now the coming of the King of SPAIN gives promise of shows still better and much more varied. The EMPEROR is the great showman, and therefore he is to be loudly cheered and enthusiastically welcomed. Paris is perfectly content so long as something exciting is going on, and the husband of ISABELLA of Spain is at least great enough to afford an excuse for a week's revelry and gaiety.

Is liberty, then, for ever dead in France, and are all the eloquent words in which M. FAVRE declared his belief that the spirit of freedom would once more revive, a mere flow of empty verbiage, and the unmeaning ornament of an advocate's peroration? Is France so demoralized that it really forgets, in the sight of waterworks, and Bengal lights, and prancing cavalry, all the nobler hopes and aspirations of a people? No one can possibly give an answer to this question that shall carry conviction with it; but it may safely be said that it really proves very little that the crowds of Parisian sightseers should flock with indifference to hear M. FAVRE or to see the feasts given in honour of the King of SPAIN. The mob of Paris, and we may even say the vast mass of Frenchmen, take no interest in politics because they have nothing to do with them. The time for action, and even the time of sympathy with political action, is not come; and until it does come the mass of the people longs, in Paris as everywhere else, to vary with the excitement of shows the monotony of its daily existence. But the future of France does not lie with the mob of Paris or with those who cheer the givers of feasts. It lies with the generation now growing up, to which M. FAVRE appealed in strains of manly eloquence. Will this generation be content to be governed by the dead mechanism of the Imperial system? Prophecies are in vain. On the one hand, it may be said that this generation has grown up under the influence of the priests, to whom the terrors of the Revolution gave for a time a great and novel authority; and, on the other hand, it may be said that the youth of France have no remembrance of the scenes and events which frightened their fathers, and are pushed onwards by the strong impetus of the sanguine and irrepressible French intellect. Much, we may guess, will depend on the men by whom the adherents of freedom are led when the crisis arrives. But evidently the time is not come yet. France does not wish for another revolution, for more blood, for a vain change of dynasty. It is tolerably content with

what it has, and fears the unknown and the obscure. It would lose in every way if the Government were weakened at present, and it respects, perhaps even more than it ought, a Government which is determined to assert itself and crush its enemies. France is quite willing that the Emperor should govern as well as reign, and yet it may still be true that the spirit of liberty is not dead in France, and that some day the nation will show itself ashamed of a mere timid obedience. It would be foolish to reckon confidently on this, for all Government gains by being acquiesced in, and Imperialism may so ingrain itself in the thoughts and habits of a people that there may be no possibility of doing without it or a counterfeit of it. But such are the chances of the friends of freedom in France ever were they still remain; and nothing is really altered because M. FAYRE has pleaded in vain, and the host of the King of SPAIN has been enthusiastically cheered on his return from Vichy.

#### ITERUM FINIS POLONIE.

FIVE Poles who have been hanged at Warsaw are said, perhaps correctly, to have been the chief members of the National Government. Other supposed officials have been banished to Siberia or imprisoned in fortresses, and there is reason to fear, or to hope, that the insurrection is suppressed. For the fourth or the fifth time in ninety years, there seems to be an end of Poland, and, if Russian strength remains unbroken and Russian policy unshaken, it is possible that the nation may have finally disappeared from history. For the present, it is undoubtedly better that a useless struggle should cease. After an interval of hesitation, Austria has, as in the days of MARIA THERESA, determined to share the profits of a crime which nevertheless suggests a passing feeling of remorse. The three partitioning Powers are once more united in the resolution to retain their booty; and the sympathy of England and France is restrained within the limits of that unarmed reason or feeling which, as Lord ELLENBOROUGH says, can never rise to the rank of diplomacy. Since the first outbreak, at the beginning of 1863, the Poles have displayed extraordinary patriotism and constancy; but they have never succeeded in expelling their oppressors from any portion of their country, nor have they at any time held military possession of a single town or fortress. The leaders of the movement were, from the first, aware that their only hope of success depended upon foreign assistance; but they also knew that, until civil war was commenced, the Western Powers would not even discuss the possibility of interfering. French agents with doubtful commissions encouraged the rising by hints or promises of aid, and perhaps the Emperor NAPOLEON may sometimes have meditated an enterprise which would have been at the outset more popular than his Italian war. The quiescence of England would never have been doubted if Parliamentary debates and Ministerial despatches had not given official sanction to the general indignation which was excited by Russian tyranny. Lord RUSSELL reproduced with imprudent fidelity the inconsistency of popular sentiment and opinion. By commencing a negotiation, and by afterwards submitting to an inevitable rebuff, he furnished the French Government with a convenient excuse for declining a hazardous undertaking. A year has passed since Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's triumphant taunts closed the Polish correspondence, and since that time England has not hesitated to solicit the alliance and co-operation of Russia. The Polish insurrection has naturally languished and dwindled, but it has only now wholly subsided. The Emperor of RUSSIA, with his Ministers and Generals, endure, with apparent complacency the moral reprobation of an indignant and inactive world. The remonstrances which were uttered by every State in Europe, with the solitary exception of Prussia, are perhaps valued more highly, as expressions of helplessness, than the stupid and wicked congratulations of Federal America. The Northern Republicans but imperfectly understand the oppression which they applaud. When they rejoice in the defeat of the Polish revolt, they only intend to publish their opinion that no severity can be too great if it is directed against rebels, and that the crimes of despotism become estimable when they are disagreeable to England.

After all, it is a doubtful question whether the latest failure is also the end of Poland. The unsuccessful effort has illustrated the extraordinary vigour of the national spirit thirty years after the suppression of the former revolt. Neither the reckless harshness of NICHOLAS nor the temporary clemency of his son had shaken the universal determination to throw off the Russian yoke. The upper and middle classes, including the Imperial functionaries themselves, were bound together in a universal conspiracy, of which the single and indispensable

bond was Polish birth and speech. American sycophants of Russia, in their desire to palliate their unprincipled complicity with wrong, pretend that the movement is essentially oligarchical, and that the bulk of the Poles are identified in interest and feeling with the alien tyranny. It is true that the peasantry has not yet risen to the level of patriotism, and that it is open to the impulses of cupidity and envy; but the aristocracy which abhors Russian domination includes every tradesman, every skilled mechanic, and every man of whatever rank who can read or write. A nation exists not in the numerical majority of its members, but in the classes which are capable of understanding and cherishing the thought of collective honour and duty. The Poles who resist foreign oppression are anxious to elevate their countrymen, if only because they know that education and social improvement will inevitably provide them with converts and recruits. If the Russians themselves raise the condition of the people, they will only add strength to their irreconcilable opponents. A few years ago, the Austrians claimed as their supporters all the illiterate peasants in Lombardy. The Italian revolution was aristocratic in its origin, but by degrees patriotic feeling penetrated downwards through the multitude. The league of the despot and the rabble fortunately rests, in all countries, on a precarious foundation.

The members of the National Government who have perished on the scaffold were wholly unknown during their lives. There is nothing to prevent their successors from undertaking their lapsed functions, under a fresh warning of the dangers to which treachery may expose them. The standing protest against Russia is maintained by the whole community, and the very leaders who command implicit obedience possess, in their individual character, neither influence nor importance. Religious persecution has almost always proved successful when it has been conducted with unsparing pertinacity; but it is less easy to force a nation to recant, and wherever there is a Pole there is an implacable enemy of Russia. The tradition will not be abandoned, although it is impossible to know whether an opportunity of resistance will hereafter occur. The heroic endurance of three or four generations may fairly be considered a sufficient atonement for the acknowledged sins of the extinct Republic. The Poles themselves are fully aware that their ancestors committed a fatal error in prolonging mediæval anarchy and barbarism into an age of organized government and of irresistible standing armies. Within a few years before the first partition, the great Polish nobles refused obedience to a central authority, while they ruled with uncontrolled license over the uncivilized serfs of their several possessions. Western travellers saw with wonder the rude splendour of petty potentates who at the same time dispensed with the ordinary comforts of European life. After a gorgeous cavalcade in pursuit of the bear or the aurochs, a Lithuanian magnate returned to a vast palace in which there was not even a chair; and, according to rumours which were probably true in substance if not in form, the surrounding vassals still adhered to Paganism. The courts of the Saxon Kings of Poland and the national Diets swarmed with corruption and abuse, and political theorists might naturally hold that the reform which was indispensable was at the same time impossible. The answer is furnished by the change which has taken place in the character of the nobles and of the nation. Their single virtue of attachment to personal and political freedom has preserved and refined the national feeling through nearly a century of servitude. The emancipation of Poland would involve neither the revival of the elective monarchy nor the restoration of serfdom; and it must be remembered that the usurpation of Russia and her accomplices was provoked, not by the defects of Polish institutions, but by the prospect of improvements which might have substituted for the chaotic Republic an orderly and powerful State. FREDERICK and CATHERINE prohibited the abolition of the *liberum veto*, and the establishment of religious toleration. It is indeed absurd to attribute to a Russian Government of the last century any desire to promote the social or moral advancement of any neighbouring country.

The Polish movement has been eminently entitled to the sympathy of Englishmen, because it was national and not revolutionary. The only Jacobin doctrines which have been professed or practised have proceeded from MOURAVIEFF, or from less notorious instruments of Russian despotism. The traitors to the national cause were among the dregs of the population, and, by a happy accident, even the priests were loyal to their country. It is not impossible that disappointment may tempt future insurgents to seek elsewhere for allies; but experience has shown the inability of domestic



malcontents to exercise influence over foreign relations. The most hopeful combination for Poland would be found in the event of an Austrian war with Hungary and Italy, especially if France held Germany and Russia in check. Unfortunately, the difficulty of resistance to oppression is complicated by an uncertainty as to the limits of Poland. The Kingdom, which alone possesses a separate diplomatic existence, is not co-extensive with the nation, and in some of the outlying provinces it is doubtful whether the bulk of the population is Polish or Russian. The compulsory conversion of Latin Catholics into Greeks, which has been effected in some districts, has almost obliterated the national characteristics, and official ethnologists assert that the language of a portion of the former Republic is essentially Russian. The prospects of Poland are gloomy, but they were apparently even more hopeless after the suppression of the insurrection in 1831. It is possible that it may again be found necessary to govern the country by native agency, and Polish functionaries can never again be thoroughly trusted by the Russian Government. Even the public opinion which has been found powerless to resist injustice may perhaps, in certain contingencies, determine the policy of the Western Powers, and in a future war it may be thought convenient to strike Russia in a vital part. History, however, shows that wrong often attains an ultimate triumph, and perhaps the execution of the popular leaders may be the end of Poland.

#### LORD PALMERSTON AT BRADFORD.

IS it, or is it not, for the public good that our statesmen and politicians should spend the autumn in a political progress? The question is not perhaps a very practical one, for, right or wrong, the thing itself is likely to extend; but it gives rise to reflections which are interesting and even serious. No doubt the growth of the practice may be easily accounted for, and railway communication, while it gives the provincials operas and music meetings, naturally encourages the taste for Parliamentary little-goes. Constituencies have only of late years developed the system of requiring their representatives to give an annual "account of their stewardship"; and the novel institution of "extra-Parliamentary utterances" is welcomed by the recognised bores of St. Stephen's as the natural method of drainage for discharging the suppressed sewage of platitude which was not permitted to fertilize the dry wastes of Westminster. A very small man in London is a very great man in his county or borough, and an opportunity which the silent men of Parliament welcome the orators do not disdain. The taste for talking grows by exercise; and if Mr. GLADSTONE were condemned to a six months' abstinence from oratory, his practised volubility would make victims of his housemaids, for want of a better audience, before February. When there is this general concurrence in the love of speech-making and speech-hearing, it is unnecessary for Lord PALMERSTON to justify his appearance before the ladies and gentlemen of Bradford on so low a ground as that he likes to see and to be seen. He says that it is "a satisfaction to see their faces and to show one's own." Though it looks like a little smack of personal vanity, this is really at the bottom of it. An octogenarian Premier, lively, up to the mark, eating two dinners and making three speeches a day, is a phenomenon, physiological as well as psychological. It is a fact in natural as well as political history not likely to be repeated. It is not a high fact, but a curious fact—a fact to be noted and registered, like old PARR, or the spotted boy, or the singing mouse. It is a thing worth seeing, because the chances are that it will not be seen again. And when this reason for a Prime Minister's going down to what is called a metropolis of manufactures is avowed, it is quite unnecessary to put forward sonorous commonplaces for a proceeding which is so amply justified by this very reasonable account of the matter. The only drawback on this explanation of Ministerial progress is that it exclusively applies to Lord PALMERSTON personally. At Bradford he was at the trouble of insisting on the fact, not an obvious one, that all the Ministers are equally able, equally good, and therefore deserve to be equally popular. All that he meant was, to reply to Mr. KNIGHTLEY's observation at Towcester that the PREMIER got all the halfpence and his colleagues all the kicks. But it is quite plain that Sir CHARLES WOOD could hardly venture upon congratulating himself and his constituents on the mutual satisfaction to be got out of a sight of each others' faces at Halifax.

But the first Minister of the Crown is hardly as other Parliament men. He has responsibilities to his Sovereign, to

Parliament, and to other countries, which most official M.P.'s have not. We can all remember serious difficulties which came of Blair Athol talk and Durham letters. It matters very little what squibs Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE may let off at the Land's End, or with what vials of secreted vitriol Mr. ROEBUCK may drench the people of Sheffield; but a Prime Minister's least cautious sayings and his most casual doings may be pregnant with great results. And the danger is increased by the vague and unministerial claim of irresponsibility which usually attends these provincial sayings and doings. Lord PALMERSTON was not invited to Bradford for political reasons, but only because he was the most prominent political person in the realm. He was not to be expected to talk politics, and he disavowed the intention; and he then went on to redeem his pledge by a wholesale eulogy on his own Administration, and an elaborate defence of the foreign and domestic policy of the last five years. What are the consequences of pretending that a Prime Minister's visit to such a place as Bradford is not to be looked at as a political event? The pretence being a folly, it was resented as an insult, and a section of the people of Bradford, perhaps not a considerable one, but still an obstinate minority, took a very sensible mode of showing that they were not, as the phrase is, to be humbugged. No doubt Mr. GLADSTONE will, according to his mood, either chuckle or groan over the first fruits of his Suffrage Extension speech. At any rate, the six-pounders of Bradford have taken the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER at his word, and they have taken measure of the PREMIER at the same time. It wanted perhaps the rough common sense and plain speech of the Yorkshire mind to disenchant Lord PALMERSTON. When CORIOLANUS came expressly among the horny-handed multitude to prefer his claims to their applause, it was only natural to the plebeian mind to say what they thought of him. We are not aware that there was an actual secession to the Mons Sacer, which, in the case of Bradford, seems to be a place called Shipley Glen; but there was a significance in the meeting of the working men which Lord PALMERSTON may, as an octogenarian, afford to disregard, but which the Ministry of the Future may have reason to regret. Lord PALMERSTON's Government has undoubtedly played fast and loose with Reform. We believe that Ministers have been perfectly right in not bringing in a new Reform Bill; and it may be quite true that, in his heart of hearts, wherever that infinitesimally small organ may be lodged, the PREMIER is an anti-Reformer. But these visits to plain people bring out very plain words. It cannot be doubted that Lord PALMERSTON came into office pledged to do something in the way of Reform; it is equally unquestionable that nothing has been done, and nothing is meant to be done. And the conclusion to do nothing is a wise one enough. But it is an awkward one. It hardly does to dwell upon it. It is a subject upon which a Ministry claiming not only to be All the Talents, but more talents than Downing Street ever comprised before, can scarcely congratulate itself. The seceders had plainly the best of it. They would not take Lord PALMERSTON, or his visit, at his own lowly estimate. They obstinately refused to recognise him in any other character than his high official one. They denied that, on such an occasion, he could divest himself of his supreme political character. They could only see in him, not an aged but active joker of jokes and maker of fine speeches about Bradford ladies, but a man clothed with the supreme authority in the State; and this man they thought guilty of what they were rude enough to call "political immorality and injustice." They had surveyed the wonderful political career of their distinguished guest. They did not intend to be rude, but, as they could not interpret his Lordship's visit as anything less than an indirect mode of asking their opinion on his merits, they would give it. They had known him for more than half a century, forming one of almost every Administration, consistent only in this—that he had no consistency save in his universal insincerity, faithful only to his adherence to no principle whatever. Lord PALMERSTON's reply would have been that this is all that a Minister can be—that he can only reflect the tendencies of the times, that he can only administer the world as the world chooses to be administered. And the justification is, for all practical purposes, tolerably complete. But then it is not a high one. It can hardly be speechified about. It does not admit of being enunciated with a swelling breast and an elevated arm or triumphant nod of the head. It is best left to explain itself. When this is all that a statesman has to say, it may be enough, and the very best that he can say, but still it is an awkward thing to say. And therefore it is never said. And therefore, also, when this is the truth—

the simple, vulgar, prosaic, ignoble truth—a statesman had better avoid all occasions on which, as he cannot say the truth, he must say something which is very wide of the truth.

The conclusion is, that Lord PALMERSTON would perhaps have done more wisely in staying away from Bradford. The working men charged him with insincerity and with playing false on the Reform question. The real truth is not that Lord PALMERSTON has either played fair or played false—has redeemed or forfeited his pledges. He has only done what he could not help doing; he has only not done what he could not do. Of course it is a pity that he ever made pledges, or ever promised anything. But keen statesmen and the Yorkshire mind interpret pledges and promises in very different senses. Stupid people, who take words to have a meaning, and who think a bargain means something to be done, cannot understand the non-natural, that is the political, sense of pledges and promises. They are incapable of refining; they are heavy, dull, and vulgar. They only read in the grammatical sense. The mistake in Lord PALMERSTON's career is that he cannot see that his assumption of a double character must fail him some day or other. It failed him at Bradford. In his Administration and in Parliament he is a consummate manager. Wily, shifty, a perfect master of strategy, full of versatility and political craft, he is, perhaps he is obliged to be, addicted to ambiguity—amphibology, as they call it—and to other intellectual processes which it is easier to see than it is pleasant to describe. Hence his fame, hence his success. But out of Parliament he comes down to the provinces as the plain blunt Englishman, who carries his heart on his sleeve and his policy at his watch-chain. He is more plain-spoken than prudent; open, candid, and incautious to a fault. And because he is always telling people that he is so, a good many people have taken him at his word. The Bradford people—that is, some of them—have not. They take the PALMERSTON of fact, not as he describes himself, but as they read him in history. This comparison of the actual with the ideal is an awkward one to provoke. It would not surprise us if, for the rest of the political season in the provinces, the PREMIER were to plead an attack of the statesman's sore-throat—*dysphonia politicorum*.

#### THE NEW CIVIL CODE FOR INDIA.

A SMALL beginning of a very great work—a work which, if completed and carried out with foresight and ability, will do more than any other one thing to make British rule a blessing to India—has been made by the publication of the first Report of the Commission appointed to prepare a body of Substantive Law for India. The Commissioners at present only attempt to frame a body of Civil Law for persons not belonging to the Mahomedan or Hindoo religion. They do not venture to alter the rules of descent under which the forefathers of the vast majority of the inhabitants of India held and transmitted land while Britain was still an island undiscovered by civilized man. They do not even shake the edifice of more modern subtleties, complicated by an imperfect system of arithmetical notation which has been built up by the patient but narrow genius of Mahomedan lawyers. The laws of his fathers are still to be the laws of the ryot, and the owner of a vested share in a Mahomedan inheritance will still have to arrive at the simple result he desires by calculating what is the two-thousandth or three-thousandth part of a purely artificial total. It is for Armenians and Parsees, for the descendants of Europeans, and for Europeans settled in India, that the new laws are to be framed. They most want a law, for they have no law at present. The barbarous and accidental character of English law and English legislation could scarcely be better illustrated than by the fact that these persons are theoretically supposed to be under the common law of England as it stood a hundred years ago; or, if they are remote from the regions where a knowledge of English law is professed, they are subject to the decision of judges whose best quality is their frank honesty, and who profess to be guided by nothing better than the wavering light of their own good sense. The Commissioners have had to consider how far the principles of English law in each branch of the Civil Code is applicable to persons placed as these outlying inhabitants of India are placed, and then how far these principles are in themselves capable of improvement. If their task is well performed, and if the Civil Code, when in operation, is administered by able and competent judges, the great hope for the future which the Commissioners express may be realized, and the Hindoos and Mahomedans may be willing to make the new law their law, and so there will be only one legal system throughout British India. No instrument of education and of civilization

after the European pattern could be more efficacious than a uniform code of law, and none could be more certain to mould the thoughts of all the natives of India into a patient and contented acceptance of British rule. It is impossible also that the success of an Indian Civil Code should not in time modify profoundly the existing law of England. Rules of law to which tradition and custom make us now adhere with a blind reverence will appear in a very different light when they have first been stigmatized by persons of high legal eminence as being in themselves useless or hurtful, and when they have subsequently been shown to be needless by the practical experience of India.

The branch of law with which the Commissioners have begun comprises the rules of succession and inheritance. They have not judged it advisable that the rules for the devolution of moveable property should be, as in England, different from the rules for the devolution of immoveable property. The English, they observe, who hold land in India look upon it as a temporary investment, and none of the other inhabitants of India recognise the distinction with which feudal law has made us familiar. The interests of women are to be better protected than in England. It is proposed that the husband shall not acquire by the mere fact of marriage any interest in his wife's property during her life, but that she shall continue to possess the same rights with reference to it as if she were unmarried, and shall have full power to dispose of it by will. When the Commissioners proceed to notice some of the more intricate details of the law of succession, they propose variations from the English law which show how objectionable they think the English law of testate and intestate succession in many respects, and how far it has been made to depart from that which they say has been their aim—the giving effect to the plain meaning of the words of the testator, without endeavouring to do or say for him that which he has not done or said for himself. On the subject of conditions, for example, they say that they have considered it right to abstain from introducing into India the very refined distinctions which the Court of Chancery has, in questions relating to personal property, borrowed from the Ecclesiastical Courts. It sounds like a gentle ridicule of Chancery law when they go on to explain their meaning, and to add that they think the words of a will ought to be adhered to where no condition inconsistent with law or morality is sought to be imposed; that all bequests made upon illegal, immoral, or impossible conditions should be void; and that wherever the testator's wishes can be carried into effect if expressed in one way, they ought to be permitted to take effect if expressed in another way. The Commissioners have also introduced a valuable reform in the complicated and uncertain rules governing the acquisition of domicile, by providing that no one shall acquire a domicile in India by residing there as a soldier in the QUEEN's service, or in the discharge of any public office, or in the exercise of any profession or calling. This, with regard to the bulk of the army, is only stating the law as it stands; but it will prevent the official and professional classes and the officers of the Staff Corps from acquiring, as they may do now, an Indian domicile, often without their knowledge or even against their will. But a means is provided by which any one distinctly wishing for an Indian domicile may acquire one, and thus all uncertainty will be avoided, and every one will know whether he has an Indian domicile or not.

The masterly Code of Criminal Law which India owes mainly to Lord MACAULAY supplied the Commissioners with many admirable hints for working out the details of their scheme. More especially, they have borrowed from it the ingenious machinery by which it is sought to obviate the danger of the Code being rendered useless by the interpretations of judges. This machinery consists of two parts. In the first place, each provision of the Code is accompanied by illustrations. Cases are put in which the clause of the Code is applied, and it is shown how such a case is to be decided. The framers of the Penal Code explained that it was their object to select examples which showed how far the words of the clause could be carried—cases which, so to speak, strained the words of the clause to their just limit, and thus gave a measure of their capacity. An obvious instance would illustrate nothing, for it would solve no doubts; an instance seemingly beyond the words of the Code would only cast doubts on the value of the language used. The really instructive illustration is an illustration which anticipates the classes of cases which judges would be likely to find difficult, and then shows what is the decision that ought to be given. This difficult task was fulfilled with the greatest ability and judgment in the construction of the Penal Code, and the framers of the Civil Code have not only adopted the same method, but have laid down



that the cases taken as illustrations shall be binding as law on the judges if they arise. This might seem a useless provision; for it is impossible to suppose that, if the precise case anticipated arose, a judge would venture to decide it in a manner different from that in which the framers of the Code had themselves decided it. But the absolute legal value given in the Civil Code to these illustrations is really connected not so much with the illustrations themselves as with the part they are to play in the gradual improvement of the law. The Commissioners are determined, if possible, to save India the burthen of having piles of judicial decisions overlaying the words of the Code. So they adopt the second part of the machinery invented by the authors of the Penal Code, and provide that every judge of any but the lowest rank shall report to his official superiors every doubt he may entertain as to any question of construction; and the statement of these doubts, together with every decision conflicting with the decision of another judge, are to be reported on, and the reports sent home to the SECRETARY OF STATE for INDIA, and laid before his legal advisers, who will see how far the Code ought to be altered, and, still more, what additional or substitutive illustrations ought to be made. Instead, therefore, of new law being made by judges in India, it will be made by the legislative power in the shape of a new illustration. This use of illustrations to embody the essence of all the legal subtleties and difficulties which practical experience may have suggested to judges, is one of the greatest triumphs of the new legislation for India; and if the whole system is as well framed and worked as there is reason to hope it will be, India will probably have in a few years one of the very best legal systems that the world has ever seen.

#### FEDERAL RECRUITING.

THE enlistment of Federal recruits in Ireland, and the irregular practices which have been adopted at the expense of immigrants at Boston and New York, cause a just irritation which the American Government ought by all possible means to allay. The higher authorities may probably be acquitted of all direct complicity with the agents or speculators who practise upon Irish ignorance and discontent. The coincidence of an unprecedented demand for labour in the Northern States with the distress which has been caused by several bad harvests in Ireland sufficiently accounts for a vast emigration. Descriptions of the profit and glory of a military career may perhaps be attractive to some of the younger men, but their wives and mothers are likely to be repelled and deterred by the prospect of either voluntary or compulsory enlistment. Except for the purpose of putting money into the pockets of private agents, the influx of population would be most effectually promoted by promises of enormous nominal wages, unaccompanied by any reference to the market value of greenbacks. The American Government is, however, especially bound to discountenance all attempts to violate the English law, inasmuch as it was thought convenient, during the Russian war, to extract from a far less illegitimate proceeding the materials of an affront to England. When an invitation to enlist in Canada was addressed exclusively to English subjects who might be resident in the United States, it might be contended, according to the strict letter of the law, that there was some interference with the temporary allegiance which was due to the Federal Government. The opportunity of flattering popular prejudice was as welcome to the Democratic rulers of ten years ago as to Mr. SUMNER or Mr. CHASE. President PIERCE accordingly directed a prosecution of an English Consul, and his Attorney-General, Mr. CALEB CUSHING, expressed with characteristic courtesy his hope that the insult would reach the QUEEN on her throne. The English Minister, Mr. CRAMPTON, was immediately afterwards dismissed from Washington, and all parties in America exulted in the cheap display of arrogance and ill-feeling. A milder and modester community may now respectfully claim the benefit of so recent a precedent. The Irish recruits are not American citizens, nor have those who inveigled them affected in the smallest degree to confine themselves within legal limits. An American humourist lately published a good-natured remonstrance with JOHN BULL, as the alleged inventor of the rule of "Heads I win, tails you lose"; but probably all nations are more or less inclined to practise the same involuntary or half-conscious injustice. The Northern Americans, as long as they were champions of the indefeasible right of rebellion, also vindicated the indefeasible immunities of neutrals. As

belligerents, they ought to be content with a limited exaggeration of the traditional privileges of war.

The English Government has also been forced to interfere, in many instances, for the protection of its subjects in America from the fraud and violence of recruiting agents. Mr. SEWARD has generally returned courteous answers to Lord LYONS' representations, and Mr. STANTON has not professedly refused the satisfaction which has nevertheless seldom proved to be practically attainable. As long as no open disrespect of English rights is exhibited, it may perhaps be prudent to abstain from too curious an inquiry into the proceedings of crimps and recruiting officers. Although an emigrant is legally entitled to retain his national character, his moral claim to the good offices of the country which he has deserted is infinitesimally small. The Irish settler in the United States has virtually renounced the questionable amount of loyalty which he may be supposed to have formerly cherished to the English Crown. Although he has not yet passed through the ordeal which qualifies him for the Federal franchise, he has given sufficient evidence of his purpose to become an American citizen. The reciprocity of obedience and protection is wholly at an end, and the liability to secure him from oppression in his chosen country is at best an irksome and unremunerative duty. If the transfer of allegiance leads to unpleasant consequences, the Mother-country may regard the painful results of spontaneous exile with a kind of ironical complacency. It is only when the national honour is concerned that the Government can be reasonably expected to afford aid or countenance to kidnapped emigrants. According to a statement which has lately appeared in the papers, three or four Irish recruits, who had been reclaimed by Lord LYONS, have been treated with unaccountable contumely and cruelty on their return from the army. It is highly probable that the story has been exaggerated, and that some plausible pretext for the maltreatment of the unfortunate men has been suppressed. If men who had been illegally enlisted were treated as prisoners because they were English subjects, the American Government is bound to offer full reparation. In the common case, however, of a recruit who enlists when he is drunk and repents when he is sober, the privileges of an English subject have been justly forfeited. Lord EDWARD HOWARD addressed to emigrants a warning which might have been useful if it had reached the class to which it was addressed; but the English Government has nothing to do with the follies of Irishmen who fall victims to the temptation of whisky. The enlistment of foreigners on American soil is perfectly legal, and the inevitable abuses of the recruiting system primarily concern the Federal Government. General DIX, who commands at New York, has denounced in the strongest language the frauds which are perpetrated for the purpose of sharing in the bounties. Yet the whole number of drunken Irish recruits can scarcely be considerable, and in all probability not a single sufferer has at any time intended to return to the United Kingdom. The English or Irish residents in America who have not permanently changed their domicile belong, with few exceptions, to a class which is practically exempt from enlistment.

The Northern Americans have themselves to blame for the anger and suspicion with which their dealings are sometimes regarded in England. Although the recruiting agents of the sea-port towns only want to make money, they know that they will be supported by public opinion at home in any injustice which may seem to be specially directed against English subjects. The hatred and envy which existed long before the war have found abundant food in recent collisions of interest and of feeling, nor has any party or any statesman had the honesty to protest against the vulgar delusion. The preachers make it their especial business to prevent the national animosity from subsiding, and even politicians who affect moderation are constantly threatening vengeance against a nation which is wholly unconscious of offence. Numerous speakers and writers have lately argued that the rescue of a part of the crew of the *Alabama* was of itself a sufficient cause for war. The French vessels which picked up other portions of the same crew are at most accused of a pardonable irregularity. The elaborate spite of Republican partisans is only translated into a generally legible type by Provost-Marshal who maltreat Irish recruits because they have succeeded in placing themselves under the protection of the English flag. All public instructors concur in assuring the Federal army and people that nothing is to be feared from the resentment of a degenerate and cowardly nation. It is fortunate for the peace of the world that Englishmen are habitually indifferent to calumny and abuse; but it must be admitted that, with the exception of a few republican or abolitionist zealots,

they are not so far disposed to return evil for good as to trust or admire their inveterate assailants. The neutral policy of the Government would have been reflected in the feelings of the nation if the representatives of Federal opinion had restrained themselves within the limits of ordinary international courtesy. Three years of incessant vituperation have, however, naturally left an unpleasant impression. If the draft is enforced at the beginning of September, Lord Lyons' labour will be seriously increased. The Irish will be disposed to claim English protection, and it will be difficult to distinguish the old residents from new comers who have themselves but little claim on their former country. As a general rule, the English Minister will be well advised in exercising the utmost vigilance in his scrutiny. In equity and common sense, the American Government is entitled to the services of all residents who have made the country their home, although they may have arrived within a week. If England were to require the aid of the Irish emigrants in resisting a foreign invasion, they would certainly not return from New York; and in refusing to submit to the Federal draft, they pretend to universal immunity from military service. The General who commands at Memphis, on the Mississippi, has lately banished from the town all persons who have claimed exemption from military duty as foreigners. If any Europeans, residing temporarily at Memphis for purposes of trade, are included in the terms of the order, there has been an obvious breach of international comity; but the amphibious settlers who change their allegiance at their own pleasure have been justly served. A large section of the entire population of the Northern States has been born in the United Kingdom; and among the number may be found some of the bitterest enemies of the English name and nation. It would be undesirable, even if it were possible, to reclaim the fugitives; and, if their preference for foreign institutions involves them in difficulty or inconvenience, they must be referred for redress to the Government which they have deliberately chosen to obey.

#### IRELAND AND O'CONNELL.

"ERIN weeping at O'CONNELL'S urn" was, we are told, among the most conspicuous devices displayed in the grand holiday procession to which the people of Dublin treated themselves last Monday; and we have it on the authority of the LORD MAYOR that "a sorrowing nation" mourned, and still mourns, over the grave of him who," &c. It seems a little doubtful, however, whether the tears of Erin are not as purely mythical as the urn which enshrines the ashes of the illustrious Liberator and mendicant. The least that can be said is that Erin has taken an extraordinarily long time before giving vent to her grief. Considering that it is just seventeen years since the agitator's death, and that Ireland is only now beginning to erect a monument to his memory, it must be confessed that the sorrowing and reverential emotions of a grateful people have been kept wonderfully under control. The world would never have discovered the state of Erin's feelings without an explicit assurance of the fact. And even now it does not appear to be quite clear that Erin is suffering under a profound sense of bereavement. If the accounts of Monday's ceremonial may be depended upon, they certainly suggest that Erin cherishes, after all, but a limited interest in the name and fame of the departed patriot. The monster procession was, it is true, eminently successful in some points of view. An enormous number of people turned out to see the show, or to bear a part in it; and we are glad to be able to add that there was no rioting. Half Dublin arrayed itself in symbolical green to do honour to the occasion. There were Trades' Unions by the score, and banners by the hundred, with appropriate mottoes, only one or two of which appear to have been distinctly seditious. The civil power was represented by the Lord Mayor and aldermen, and the spiritual by fourteen carriages full of bishops and priests, and by sundry "confraternities" and "orders" exhibiting religious emblems—an item of the day's proceedings, by the way, which, being slightly illegal, was a highly fitting mark of respect to the memory of a man who made it the study and boast of his life to drive a coach and six through Acts of Parliament. As a show, it seems to have been a very fine show, though we happen to remember that there was an almost equally effective display some time ago in honour of poor M'MANUS, one of the physical-force patriots who helped to "break the Liberator's heart" by despising his counsels and showing up his insincerity. In some important respects, however, it does not appear that the demonstration was by any means satisfactory to its promoters. The enthusiasm is reported to have been scanty in quantity and inferior

in quality. Not much of it, we are informed, was manifested anywhere. The procession only partially corresponded with the programme, for "there were gaps caused by the absence of classes which were expected to be represented"; and, with the exception of the civic dignitaries—if this can be said to be an exception—the affair was "remarkably deficient in a representation of the higher classes of Roman Catholics." What is more, the "masses" themselves are described as having caused much disappointment by their "frigidity"; and it is added that "the cheering was anything but marked" even at the thrilling moment when "the stone appeared in sight, raised on an elevated platform drawn by eight horses, and surmounted by two stalwart masons in green sashes." So, on the whole, it must be considered far from certain that Erin is weeping at all. Frigidity is not a characteristic fault of the Celtic temperament, and when Irishmen feel strongly they generally show it. If this O'CONNELL demonstration was really marked by the absence of the customary signs of popular emotion, there is nothing to be said but that Ireland is very imperfectly impressed with a sense of obligation to the Liberator or of sorrowing reverence for his memory.

If the fact be so, we cannot say that we think any the worse of Ireland for it. There is no good reason why the Irish people should be enthusiastic about O'CONNELL. If Erin refuses to weep at the Liberator's urn, it only shows that Erin has a very sound judgment and is not half so green as the world supposes. The deceased agitator cannot be pronounced either an estimable character or a distinguished public benefactor; and it is satisfactory to believe that good tears are not wasted on a decidedly spurious patriot. Such displays of posthumous party rancour as that which took place at Belfast on the same day with the Dublin demonstration are both foolish and indecent; but the mere reproach of ingratitude to the immortal Liberator is one which Ireland can well afford to bear. The name of O'CONNELL is prominently associated with one undoubted service to the cause of civil and religious liberty; but, with the solitary exception of his share in obtaining Catholic Emancipation, his career must be considered both discreditable and mischievous. With the abolition of the unjust disabilities which affected more especially the class to which he himself belonged, all that was useful and honourable in his public life began and ended. We do not recollect a single other instance in which he devoted his confessedly great powers, whether successfully or otherwise, to any object calculated to benefit his country, materially or morally. He left Ireland as miserable as he found it, and no one of the measures which of late years have contributed to ameliorate the condition of the finest but most wretched peasantry on the face of the earth can be traced even remotely to his influence. After the passing of the Emancipation Act, he took to sedition as a trade; and his talents were thenceforth almost exclusively employed in stirring up the passions of the ignorant masses for an object which no man knew better than himself to be a sheer impossibility. No public man of our time has been more shamelessly insensible to the responsibilities which accompany popular influence and oratorical power. He debauched and demoralized the minds of his countrymen with stupid and mendacious adulation. Lazy and improvident peasants, with a turn for murdering their landlords, were accredited with all the virtues under heaven, and credulous mobs were taught to believe that the British army and the British Empire existed only by their permission. He was habitually and ostentatiously insincere, and never hesitated to repeat, year after year, with undiminished effrontery, the same impudent hoax which experience had periodically detected. Mr. SEWARD has for some time left off predicting the "suppression of the rebel-lion" within ninety days at furthest; but we do not recollect that the Irish agitator ever dropped the stereotyped fiction which amused and gratified a succession of monster meetings. To say that he was recklessly abusive is to mention one of his most venial failings. He was not only coarse, but malignant. "Law" and "order" were eternally on his lips, but the spirit and essence of his teaching was the perpetuation of political feuds and class hatreds. If his incendiary nonsense about Celt and Saxon had produced its intended effect, it is difficult to see how the two races could have continued to live together in the same island. Altogether, it is no exaggeration to say that the last fifteen years of O'CONNELL'S life were an almost unmixed evil to the country which blindly trusted and idolized him; and it is incomprehensible how any Irishman who respects himself can take pleasure in reviving a name which only awakens painful and humiliating memories. The chief performer in Monday's pageant was delighted to think that "the vast assemblage of that day, recalling as it did the



"monster meetings of twenty years ago, augured," &c. One would think it might have occurred even to an Irish Lord Mayor that the monster meetings of twenty years ago never did a particle of good to any living creature, except to the mendicant agitator who found in them the means of raising money and political credit on false pretences. Those same monster meetings were simply part of an enormous and long since detected delusion; and they were swiftly followed by a succession of the worst calamities and disgraces that can afflict a people. Within three years after Tara and Mullaghmast, five millions of the demagogue's dupes were dying of hunger or dependent on Saxon bounty; and a few months later, "legal and constitutional" sedition exploded in the most trumpety rebellion known to history. Veracity would clearly be out of place on an O'CONNELL monument; else we might suggest, as an appropriate inscription, a neat and concise epitome of the domestic annals of the Liberator's country during the year following his death.

There is happily little prospect that the memory of the agitator will be effectually rescued from the unhonoured oblivion into which Ireland has willingly allowed it to subside. No people can remain wholly unimpressed by the silent teaching of events, and the experience of the twenty years which have elapsed since the days of monster meetings must be eminently unfavourable to any attempt at reviving the traditions of the Repeal epoch. Ireland has still much to learn, and much to unlearn, but it is not probable that her future will be a repetition of that miserable past which is associated with the name and influence of O'CONNELL. The particular form of sedition which he preached and practised would now be entirely out of date, and organized disaffection has in these days few representatives except among the very ragged regiment of the Fenian Brotherhood. It is significantly remarked in one of the accounts of Monday's business, that "those who remember the monster demonstrations of O'CONNELL's day could not fail to be struck with the improved personal appearance of the tradesmen as well as with the absence of the old enthusiasm." The two phenomena have, we may be sure, more than an accidental connexion. The old enthusiasm which perverted and depraved people's minds and set them running after the emptiest of delusions was intrinsically incompatible with the habits and virtues and ways of thinking that raise a country in the scale of material and social well-being. The mechanics and artisans of Dublin have left off crying for the moon, and accordingly they are coming to be prosperous and well-to-do. A dispensation of beef and mutton is favourable to most of the virtues, and certainly to political prudence and good sense. We venture to believe that Ireland has at least so far begun to rise in the world that the resuscitation, in any form, of the O'CONNELL superstition is past praying for, and that mankind has nearly seen the last of the old enthusiasm which went mad about a dishonest demagogue and worshipped a transparent imposture.

#### AMERICA.

THE military movements in America have never been more interesting than at the present moment. The most important of all the operations is the siege of Atlanta. It is supposed that JOHNSTON thought it prudent to abandon the town, and that the appointment of HOOD to the chief command represented the resolution of the Confederate Government to risk a battle for the maintenance of the position. The whole progress of the campaign proves the great superiority of the Federal force, and SHERMAN appears to have profited by his advantages with remarkable skill and daring. For more than a hundred miles, he turned every defensive position which impeded his advance, and he reached the outskirts of Atlanta without having been forced to engage in a single pitched battle. As the Confederates were, as usual, weak in cavalry, the Northern horse passed with impunity southward, and in a wide circuit through Georgia and Alabama they destroyed railroads and property, and temporarily interrupted the communication between Atlanta and Montgomery. In the meantime, General SHERMAN, after crossing the Chattahoochie, approached the suburbs of Atlanta, when he was attacked by HOOD with the usual vigour of the Confederate leaders, and for a time was exposed to considerable danger. Two days afterwards a general engagement ended with results which are for the present doubtful, as both parties claim the victory. As SHERMAN's official despatches have been withheld from publication, there would be sufficient reason for trust in the Confederate account, if it were not also stated that Atlanta was undergoing bombardment, and that a part of the town was

already in flames. The capture of the place would complete the triumph of the Federal arms in the West, and Atlanta, like Chattanooga, might in its turn become the base of a new advance through the yet unconquered regions of the Confederacy. On the other hand, a check inflicted on SHERMAN might involve dangerous consequences, as the outlying forces of WHEELER and of FORREST are at last moving towards the Federal rear, and it is stated that the Confederates have taken a Federal camp at Decatur. The American habit of repeating popular names of places causes frequent confusion, and the friends of the North endeavour to persuade themselves that General HARDEE's enterprise has been directed against Decatur in Alabama. It is, however, far more probable that the Confederates are endeavouring to cut the enemy's communications at Decatur in Georgia, than that they are gratuitously fighting in the heart of their own country with an enemy who is not known to have found his way to the south of Atlanta. If LONGSTREET's corps has really been detached from Virginia to Georgia, the Federal superiority of force may perhaps be reversed.

The knowledge that such a movement had taken place would account for GRANT's renewed activity, though it is difficult to conjecture his reasons for his recent change of position. His Northern admirers for some weeks asserted, with vociferous unanimity, that the Lieutenant-General would starve Richmond into surrender by operating with his left on the pivot of his position before Petersburg. But he found it necessary or convenient to move on his right, and to place his troops on both sides of the James River, in the neighbourhood of Fort Darling, which is on the right bank, and within ten miles of Richmond. It would seem that the task of LEE and BEAUREGARD must have been greatly simplified by the change. From later accounts it appears that GRANT must have afterwards returned, with at least a portion of his force, to his former position before Petersburg; for he is stated to have successfully assaulted a line of Confederate entrenchments at that place, though the ultimate result of the engagement, which was still pending, is not yet known. It may possibly be still his intention to make his main attack on Richmond from the south, but such a course would be by no means free from risk. Fort Darling repelled MC'CLELLAN's gunboats in 1862 with little difficulty, and the river above is commanded by the Confederate rams. If GRANT attempts to cut the Danville railway in the immediate neighbourhood of Richmond, he will expose his flank and rear to the attacks of the garrison of Petersburg. The direct line of advance on the left bank of the James River, by Malvern and White Oak Swamp, has already been considered and disapproved. Even the correspondents and writers of the New York papers will scarcely pledge themselves to a ninth or tenth plan of campaign, after adopting all GRANT's previous combinations with enthusiastic approval. There is no reason to suppose that the defences of Richmond have been neglected in the direction of Malvern or Fort Darling; but it is not impossible that the garrison may have been largely reduced by detachments to Northern Virginia, and perhaps to Georgia. If General LEE felt himself safe in his fortifications at Richmond, he might be glad to economise his stores by movements which at the same time promised considerable military advantage.

The Confederate force which lately invaded Maryland and Pennsylvania was followed in its leisurely retreat by the unlucky generals who are periodically beaten in the Shenandoah Valley. As soon as General EARLY had secured the booty which had been collected during his former incursion, he turned upon HUNTER and his lieutenants, and, as usual, inflicted upon them a disastrous defeat. Immediately afterwards he reoccupied Martinsburg, and his columns have since once more crossed the Potomac into the enemy's country. The gallant Pennsylvanians will again acquiesce in the now familiar presence of an invader, and the authorities of Baltimore have been driven to the desperate measure of arming all the negroes in the city. It is not likely that either Baltimore or Washington will be seriously threatened, but GRANT may once more be compelled to send a portion of his army to protect the capital. The interruption or destruction of the railroads would cause no small embarrassment to the distant army of the Potomac. The supplies which are received from Washington are derived from the North and the West by the Baltimore and Ohio railway, by the Baltimore and Washington railway, and by the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. All these channels of transit are within the immediate reach of the Confederate troops, and for a time they will be useless for military purposes. As General GRANT's army is exclusively

dependent on its transports and store ships, it would be inconvenient if the stream of provisions were dammed up or diverted near its source. The Confederates probably command the south bank of the Potomac through the greater part of its course, and they may render the passage of transports dangerous and difficult by planting batteries on the shore. In one respect only the movements of General EARLY may perhaps encourage the Federal hopes. If the diminution of LEE's army has been caused by a deficiency of supplies, there may still be a possibility of starving Richmond into submission. It is known that provisions are unusually dear in the Southern capital, and that a certain amount of popular discontent has consequently been expressed. As long as even one of the railways is open, it is highly improbable that the army should suffer actual famine.

In the remoter West, the civil war, in the absence of large armies, rages with inveterate fury. The Northern newspapers mention with their usual complacency the destruction of a town called Platte city, in Missouri, and the murder of its inhabitants on account of their rebel sympathies. A commentary on the transaction is furnished by the rumour that large numbers of the militia of Northern Missouri have joined the Confederate ranks. The petty contests of fierce borderers will exercise little influence on the fortunes of the war; but they illustrate the social and political difficulties which are likely to obstruct the peaceful restoration of the Union. At present, the Federal Government has no force to spare for the country beyond the Mississippi, although General CANBY prudently attempts to prevent the despatch of Confederate reinforcements to Georgia, by ostensibly preparing for an expedition into Western Louisiana. If Richmond can be saved and Atlanta rescued, the Confederates will not be discouraged even by the vast levies which are announced for the next year's campaign. They may reasonably hope that the enlistment or conscription may partially fail, and that the financial difficulties will accumulate, in spite of the change of Ministers at Washington. Mr. FESSENDEN, after failing to obtain 10,000,000*l.* from the banks, has applied to private contributors for 40,000,000*l.* Like Mr. CHASE at the beginning of the war, the new SECRETARY of the TREASURY addresses unprofitable appeals to the patriotism of his countrymen. It would be much more judicious to offer the market rate of interest for the money which he requires. There is no reason why a lender should make a special sacrifice, when the loss or burden may be more fairly distributed over the whole community. Mr. FESSENDEN offers an interest of 7*½* per cent., payable in paper currency, with the further alternative condition, either that the principal shall be paid off after three years, or that the interest shall thereafter be paid in gold. It is difficult to calculate the exact value of the proposal; but it is almost certain that the offer will fail unless the loan is issued at a considerable discount. The Federal stocks at present pay from 12 to 15 per cent.; and patriotism will not induce the owners of money to accept a much lower rate. Unless the loans can be effected, a new issue of paper-money will become necessary, with its inevitable accompaniment of further depression. With 40,000,000*l.* in hand, Mr. FESSENDEN would be enabled to pay his way for two months longer.

#### ROWLAND v. POYNDEE.

THE famous pictorial epic, or idyl, of the "Harlot's Progress," however truly it may illustrate poetical justice, is anything but true to fact. The consumptive prostitute of the fashionable opera is not more false. The Harlot's Progress of real life is much more prosaic, and the usual end of the *lorette* is something much more substantial than a theatrical apotheosis, and something far more respectable than Bridewell and hemp-picking. She ordinarily dies neither in the odour of sanctity nor of the dunghill. It is all very well for the reports of Penitentiaries to represent the career of the Traviata as a gradual descent of the poor victim of seduction from the toils of the practised seducer to the lowest dens of infamy, and to describe her life as inevitably leading to an early death in the agonies of disease and starvation. But those who have investigated the subject prove that prostitutes are very commonly absorbed into the mass of decent society. Many of them become wives, scarcely perhaps the honest wives of honest men, but wives; and a fortunate issue is the not unfrequent lot of the "unfortunate." It is perhaps a melancholy fact, but still it is a fact, that even in the long run the immoral woman prospers better, as far as externals go, than the chaste daughter of labour. And one of the main reasons why the ranks of female unchastity will always be filled is to be found in the fact that an immoral life so often answers. We ought to ask pardon for the improper suggestion of a comparison between the two callings,

but SYDNEY SMITH's famous argument about the Church applies here. It is the prizes of the profession that attract. And in this view of the matter, the recent case of ROWLAND v. POYNDEE, tried at the Surrey Assizes, is instructive, and, we fear, may prove attractive. The moral of immorality is one which, it is to be feared, is scarcely of a deterrent character. Miss JEMIMA ROWLAND is a young person of Suffolk birth, who felt, and perhaps said, with the impudent song, "My face is my fortune"; and not a bad fortune, as fortunes go, she found it. "A most beautiful girl" eight years ago, "she is still a beautiful woman," according to the testimony of the learned serjeant who "felt it" to be a pleasure to represent her. She brought her beauty to market, and, to better herself, came up to London and was introduced as barmaid to a Haymarket *café* by a gentleman, a friend of humanity of either sex, named PRINCE. The bar of a *café* may be a school for virtue, and the bars of the Haymarket are distinguished as resorts for all the virtues that are chaste and of good repute. Mr. PRINCE, to whom the country maiden was indebted for this respectable and promising introduction to London life, had, it seems, a large acquaintance among young unmarried ladies and young gentlemen about town; and under his and his wife's kind auspices Miss JEMIMA ROWLAND met a gentleman named POYNDEE. Their wooing, whether happy or not, was not long a-doing, for it seems to have been the affair of a single night, commencing with a visit to the Argyle Rooms, where Mr. POYNDEE danced by deputy. Mr. POYNDEE "behaved very generously in a pecuniary sense" to his "victim." They lived "luxuriantly," as she expresses it, for many years. She had an expensive house and a retinue of servants; her lover constantly corresponded with her; but a year or two ago he entered, so she avers, into a contract that if she would give up his letters he would give her 2,000*l.* to buy a house, and settle an annuity on her of 6*l.* or 7*l.* per week. This contract, she alleges, has never been fulfilled, and to enforce it she brings an action, laying the damages at 10,000*l.*; and, by way of having her bow well strung, she adds to the catalogue of her wrongs an alleged indecent assault—that is, we suppose, the event succeeding the visit to the Argyle Rooms in 1856—and a breach of promise of marriage reiterated in the correspondence which was, according to the record of the action, given up, and yet was present in court. Here is a typical case of the wrongs to which virgin innocence may be subjected. A rustic maiden is seduced; she is led to continue a life of sin by repeated promises of marriage; she is induced, by the wicked arts of her seducer, to give up the evidence of this promise of marriage on the promise of a settlement, which the base man only makes to break. To be sure, as the action went on, the charge of immodest assault was silently dropped; the "victim's" counsel eagerly clutched at a *nolle prosequi* on the breach of promise; and as there was not the slightest corroborative evidence of the alleged contract except the plaintiff's unsupported assertion, and as the presiding judge, in utter amazement, inquired what the case was, the victim may think herself well off that the matter was compromised by paying her 1,000*l.*, with all costs of the suit.

If this could only be regarded as a fine on Mr. POYNDEE's immorality, or a penalty for his folly, few people would much care. A man who is such a fool, and worse than a fool, as to write letters the suppression of which he does not think over dear at 1,000*l.* (which means at least 1,500*l.*) and which even the practised and indurated counsel hesitated to produce before the not squeamish Court, deserves what he gets. Even the students of life in the Haymarket may usefully lay the warning to such heart as they may have. We do not rest much on Mr. POYNDEE's alleged generosity. He kept his mistress extravagantly, or at least expensively, because he had the money to spend, and because his tastes and habits were expensive. He lived the St. John's Wood sort of life, not because he could not afford to marry, but because he deliberately preferred doing worse. Vulgar tastes and vulgar appetites like Mr. POYNDEE's relish the unsavoury moral diet which is to be found in the Haymarket and in night-houses. But to represent him as a deliberate, or any other, seducer requires the iron nerves of the gentlemen who are compelled to draw and to sustain the pleas in actions of this sort. All that can be said about Mr. POYNDEE is that he got entangled with an artful woman, who deliberately accepted, or rather chose, an immoral life, and that it took him seven years to get rid of her, and that at last he was forced into Court rather than submit to extortion; and this because his *Lettres à Sophie* took a form which it would be more charitable than true to describe as only very imprudent. For all this Mr. POYNDEE has had to pay, and to

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pay roundly. But when we come to our erring sister, we can only say that Miss JEMIMA ROWLAND's life-story, thus far, is one which will make too many Suffolk lasses' mouths water. For seven long years JEMIMA has lived in the enchanted castle of luxury and indolence; the bowers may be those of sin, but it must be very pleasant and enticing sin. To dream of the good luck of getting a barmaid's place, and being seduced into an establishment of a fine house and servants, and an expenditure of 1,500*l.* a year, may well make poor virtue shudder for herself, and pray for or against the temptation which is not likely to visit many of the cottage homes of Suffolk. Miss JEMIMA, to be sure, has lost her virtue, but a young person who could come up to London to seek her fortune on the strength of her beauty, and of convenient Mr. PRINCE's introduction to polite life, could never have had a superabundance of that distinguishing grace of lovely woman. And Miss JEMIMA begins life again with a somewhat flyblown reputation; but then she has 1,000*l.* in her pocket, and she has had seven years of jollity, and she has established, if not a reputation, at least a name. Any woman who, for whatever cause, gets her name into the newspapers in a case of this sort, has matrimonial chances in her favour. Even MADELEINE SMITH, it is said, had more than one offer; and the charms which, according to her own account, fired the susceptible bosom of a certain Mayor from the North, and the more substantial hush-money which she has extracted from Mr. POYNTER, are almost sure to stand his interesting victim in good stead. There are marrying men, of abnormal tastes, who actually prefer such a matrimonial investment as Miss JEMIMA to the unsophisticated charms of purity and chastity. The experience of our own times can recall more than one instance where the scene has dropped on the Harlot's Progress into the opulent or even titled wife. But, even as it is, Miss ROWLAND's career has been a distinct success. TRAVIATA beats PAMELA by many a length in the race of life.

This is not the moral which we should like to draw from the Harlot's Progress. It is not an edifying moral; it is not the tract-writer's. But the case on which we have commented is one quite as typical as its exact opposite, which is the fictionist's. Of two Suffolk girls, starting equal, and deliberately choosing what is called a gay life, if the chances are that one finds her death-bed in the workhouse or the hospital, the chances are that the other settles, and settles well, after a life of dishonour or even of prostitution. The researches of those who have really investigated this ugly subject, as regards its statistics and actual facts, seem to show that in the lives of impure women their years of mercantile unchastity are only an episode, and a lucrative one too. We are not saying that the tart is all jam and no crust. It is enough to be assured that, however bad and disgusting and sinful such a disgraceful life is, its absolute, still less its relative, sufferings are not its chief characteristic. Perhaps, as in all other trades, its profits now-a-days increase, and its penalties are certainly not greater than they used to be. And if the harlot's life exhibits these pecuniary attractions, society certainly does but little to diminish its attractions. If, as is now the case, these soiled doves are a petted class—a class for whom are reserved not only exceptional charities, but exceptional religion as well as exceptional recognition; if the manners and dress, the life and behaviour, and even the appearance in public of the impure are permitted, still more if they are encouraged, by the pure; if maiden modesty imitates the bearing, and pretends (for it is only a pretence) to even an acquaintance with what in female life is neither maidenly nor modest, then it is no great wonder that, in the classes in which harlotry finds its pretty recruits, the profession of LAIS is looked upon rather as a prize than a degradation. A successful career in hetairism—and, as we have said, we believe that at least one-half of these careers are successes—is looked upon in village life, and certainly in town life, as a brilliant promotion. It is the natural, and in its way honourable, reward of diligence and prudence in a calling. In a word, the career of Miss ROWLAND is not exactly suited to encourage, still less to suggest, that natural horror of unchastity which we should be glad to believe was natural to the female bosom. On the contrary, we fear that it is calculated to suggest that the virtue of the village, if it may be called virtue is a marketable commodity, and a valuable one.

#### A TRANSCENDENTAL MECCA.

THE title of a Transcendental Mecca has been bestowed on the town of Concord by a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, who has given a very interesting account of the society that has been gathered together round Mr. Emerson and the other chief persons

of his school. It is a society which is very well worth studying, not only because there are men belonging to it who earned and deserved some slight degree of fame, but also because it has really affected and stimulated the national mind of the Federal Americans, and still more because it is a violent reaction against the spirit and ways of the middle classes of New England. In the New England States there is exhibited to the highest degree that union of a keen pursuit of wealth and a blind adherence to the remains of the Puritan creed which has stamped itself on so many country towns in England as their chief characteristic. In England there is a gradual change going on which affects country towns as well as every other part of the kingdom. There is a flow of the modern spirit—of that spirit which Dr. Newman so bitterly and so consistently hates under the name of Liberalism—a spirit which forces its way, like the tide, into all the little creeks and bays, as well as into the big harbours and the deep channels. But there is nothing like a reaction in the circle of our commercial and Puritan world. There is no movement from within, and only a gentle movement from without. It is to the credit of the Americans that they, being destitute of those sources of a refining and elevating influence which silently and gradually change one sphere after another of English society, should have been able to produce a reaction and counter-movement of some sort. There is hope for a nation when its thought has thus much of elasticity; and there is still more hope when a movement in strong opposition to prevailing notions, and to the ordinary thoughts of thriving dictatorial men, holds its own, wins the affectionate admiration of ardent and generous minds, and persuades and instigates a powerful minority to assert itself in the face of a compact tyrannous majority. There are many things in American transcendentalism which are amusing, and some that are even ludicrous; there are many things in it that are founded on great mistakes, and there are some things in it that are mere idle puzzles. Perhaps there is scarcely anything in it of any great value to Englishmen. The countrymen of Wordsworth and Shelley need not fatigue themselves with making the pilgrimage to a Transcendental Mecca beyond the Atlantic. But an Englishman would be a very poor and narrow critic who was satisfied with merely laughing at American transcendentalism and showing its philosophical mistakes. There is much more in it for us than food for ridicule or literary criticism. It records the first great protest, made in the breast of a society like the mass of middle-class English society, against the spirit and teaching of that society. Being like us in many respects, and being haunted with the thoughts of a nobler life, recoiling from the abyss of arrogant comfort, and at the same time not having anything at hand like our Church, and Universities, and aristocracy, and our proximity to the Continent, and feeling horror and contempt for Puritanism in the ugliness of its decay, some of the nobler men of America sought and found a refuge in transcendentalism. This was the Zoar to which they fled, and there they found rest, and grew strong, and awoke in the minds of many of those around them the chord which answers to the assertion of high purposes and the record of noble aspirations. The describer of the Transcendental Mecca tells us how, when he was a lad in Virginia, he one day read a volume of Mr. Emerson's writings, and instantly his whole life was changed. He had found a prophet in his own country, and he determined to give up everything and become one of this prophet's disciples. He has learnt to write of Mr. Emerson and his friends in a calm and sensible tone, and can feel and own amusement when he recalls some of the foibles and eccentricities of those who were gathered together at Concord. But his heart is full of love and reverence for those who, as he thinks, pointed him the way to right and truth, and filled his soul with longing for something richer than fine gold and sweeter than the honeycomb. Every mode in which, at any time and in any country, this longing has been created and satisfied, is so precious to mankind that only fools will sneer at it because it may have been partial and imperfect.

Of the prophets, who lived at Concord, Mr. Emerson was the chief. It was, indeed, because he lived there that the others came. Within the limits of the personal experience of the writer in *Fraser*, Mr. Emerson's great influence began with an address to the students of Cambridge, in which he openly declared that Webster, who was then the idol of Cambridge, was a very poor idol of clay, not worth worshipping, and in which he asserted that things were going downward in America, and that its great men had ceased to be. He was loudly hissed, but many of his hearers were much impressed, and a large party went over to hear him lecture at Concord. "The lecture," we are told, "was on Poetry, and the effect of it was electrical. When it was over, there was a deep silence which no one seemed willing to break." And then there follows a touch of that sensibility or sentimentalism which comes naturally, it must be owned, to some minds, and which they would lose by repressing, but which is alien to English reserve, and easily declines into exaggeration and silliness. "Otto Dresel, the first musical artist in America, who was present, went to the piano and gave three of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, which said all that could be said, after which the company separated." At Concord the writer also saw Mr. Clough, who, as he said, "did not so much find in America friends as lovers." We regret that the writer's sense of bathos was not acute enough to prevent him from going on to add, "There was not one superior person who was not pleased to meet him." To Concord, also, Theodore Parker used to repair,

"to recover from his wounds by contact with nature," and Agassiz was welcomed there for his science, and gladly went there "for the philosophical interpretations which, with the transcendentalist, were always awaiting and anticipating scientific facts and discoveries." Among the less known and more purely local frequenters or inhabitants of this Mecca were Thoreau, Alcott, and Margaret Fuller. Of Thoreau we learn that he "was a man of such wonderful, even unparalleled, intimacy with nature, that his biography, when it is written, will seem a myth." A. Bronson Alcott appears to have been a pedlar with a large family "which he was, humanly speaking, utterly unable to support." How any of the set of people managed to live, and eat bread and meat every day, is surprising; but the world is astonishingly kind to those who try to reform it, and there are always rich people who are sufficiently pricked with uneasiness at their wealth to gratify the pleasant caprice of giving unexpected presents to those among the poor who seem to be something out of the common way. Alcott is an energetic Platonist, and the logician and the humourist are his mortal foes. He has an idea that children are new arrivals from a higher world—a notion which the writer gently ridicules by putting down accurately a conversation which Alcott had with a child, and in which the child, not being aware that he was expected to give intimations of immortality, answered the questions put to him in a straightforward and prosaic manner. For instance, when Alcott asked, When a little infant opens its eyes upon this world, and sees things out of itself, and has the feeling of admiration, is there in that feeling the beginning of worship? the boy very sensibly replied—"No, Mr. Alcott, a little baby does not worship."

Of Margaret Fuller the writer speaks with great respect, although he sketches the course of one of her conversations, or philosophical social discussions, "for the drollery of it"; and certainly nothing can sound more absurd to English readers. The party seems to have consisted almost entirely of ladies, and only ladies took part in the discussion. The question of that particular meeting was "What is Life?" and Margaret Fuller stimulated or piqued her friends by declaring at the outset her conviction that none of those present had a distinct idea of life. Then came a series of shots offered by these female philosophers in turn, who were each prepared at a moment's notice. Miss C., for example, said that "Life is to laugh or cry according to our organization." Miss P. said, "Life is division from one's principle of life in order to a conscious re-organization." Mrs. A. B. thought the object of life was to obtain absolute freedom. At last Margaret Fuller gave her view of life, and "her answer was so full, clear, concise, and inspiring, that the reporter was magnetised and unable to record it accurately." As far as he could recollect, her view was that "Love and Creativeness are dynamic forces, out of which we individually, as creatures, go forth bearing His image, that is, having within our being the same dynamic forces, by which we add constantly to the whole sum of existence"—and so on through one or two sentences equally lucid and valuable. Ridicule would have no function in the world if it might not laugh down such nonsense as this, and if it could not clear society of rubbish like the dissertations of these ladies on Life. But although the conversations of Margaret Fuller may have been pretentious and silly, and although there is feebleness and folly in all the sayings and writings of these transcendentalists, there was in all, and especially in Mr. Emerson, a sincere and it may be said a burning wish to get hold of something in life that would offer man in America a new beginning, and make him nobler and better than he exhibited himself in Boston and New York.

The first assumption of the transcendentalists was that the historical creed of Christendom was dead. They did not stop to prove it. They voted it, as it were, by acclamation. For to them this creed meant Puritanism in its degeneracy, and this was the most degrading of spiritual tyrannies. But then, if there is to be no definite religion in the world, what is to be the food of the spirit striving to grow better and nobler? This was the real question which the transcendentalists set themselves to answer, and it is to their credit that they saw that this was the question they had to answer, and that they set to work to the best of their power. All answers given to this greatest of questions resolve themselves into two. Either the answerer says that no precise and satisfactory reply can be given, and that refuge must be taken in the zealous discharge of the duties of practical life, and in the pursuit of self-culture—which substantially is the answer given by Goethe; or else the answerer must say that there is a universal mystery in the world ever being revealed to those whose eyes are purified to see it, and that the apprehension of this mystery is the true religion. This is the answer of the transcendentalists, and Emerson apprehended a kind of double meaning in the scheme of things, just as Theodore Parker apprehended an absolute and intuitive morality. The great key to this mystery of things is assumed to be the study of the face of nature, of trees, rocks, and animals. A man, it is thought, who is determined to find a mystery in the universal scheme of things, can so gaze, and lose himself in gazing, upon things animate and inanimate, that he sees behind them, perceives the true forms of which they are the shadows, and lives in the world of reality and not in that of appearance. Whatever philosophical defects this system may have, it evidently offers to minds weary of the self-complacent life of a bustling commercial town the attraction of having to seek wisdom from solitude and the country; and it offers to minds recoiling from the grim logic of Puritanism, a vague, subtle, gentle religious-

ness. This, perhaps, explains the hold it gained on American minds, and the enthusiasm with which the Mecca, when it flourished, was regarded. But then, how is such a philosophy to be prosecuted, and with what are the philosophers to occupy themselves? How are they to connect themselves with practical life, and to say something that will instruct and please the outer world? They may, among other things, survey life and think over it until they have shaped an abundance of little epigrams about it; and this appears to have been the favourite occupation of the prophets of the Transcendental Mecca. They were always setting themselves such problems as Margaret Fuller set the unhappy ladies of her circle. To say a neat thing about life seemed to them the most wise, practical, and philosophical thing they could do. Almost all Mr. Emerson's writings are composed of these philosophical epigrams—some good, some bad, and many without meaning. A few of Mr. Alcott's have been collected by the writer in *Fraser*. They run in this way:—"Opinions are life in foliage, deeds in fruitage"; "Obedience is the mediator of the soul"—sentences which sound neat, and would probably be found by any one who would take the trouble to unravel them to do nothing worse than wrap up a platitude in obscurity. Pantheism, the study of physics, and the construction of philosophical epigrams were thus the chief glory and occupation of the dwellers in Mecca; and, if any one is inclined to cast stones at them, let him first remember what is the nature of that spirit of commercial Puritanism against which they entered a protest that was honest, and not ineffectual.

#### CRICKET.

FOREIGNERS find it difficult at first to understand the interest of a game of cricket. Its apparent complication is one reason of this. Another is, the complete absence of all show and apparatus in it, of all visible marks and emblems of success. It is not for a cup or a shield, or even a badge. Again, it is viewed by the spectators at a distance which prevents them from seeing exactly the finer points of the play, unless they have played themselves, and know what is to be done and the difficulties of doing it. It looks to the outsider like a mere indiscriminate sending and hitting of balls, which people standing about stop or catch by chance, if they can. There is a manifest display of violent effort, and an occasional appearance of danger, without any visible object to be gained by it. If two men wrestle or box, or if a number start together to run or to jump, it is easy to see what they are about. But the end in cricket is not apparent. What is all this violent running and throwing about of balls, with its intervals of seeming quiescence and idleness, to decide or to produce? People see a stump knocked down or a ball caught, and a man with a bat walking away from the wicket; but they do not from the event see what of loss or gain, failure or superiority, is thus proved or realized, or what it is that represents success in what is going on. Then there is something indescribably odd in the "overs"—in the periodical repetition of the spectacle of a set of men gravely crossing one another, without any apparent reason, from where they were standing still, to another position, the importance of which there is nothing visible to define. It looks like the unmeaning movements of dancers when we shut our ears and do not hear the music; or as the changes of posture and position of the officiating ministers in a great Roman Catholic ceremony appear to the puzzled and contemptuous apprehension of the Protestant looker-on, who has no key or clue to all these elaborate motions, and thinks that he sees nothing but unmeaning parade in what the ritualist could give him perfectly intelligible reasons for.

Cricket is a game for a nation to be proud of having invented, and proud of being fond of. For there is absolutely nothing in it but what the man himself brings to it. It represents what he is worth, and what he can do, and that is all. There is no adventurous interest about it, derived from its instruments or accessories or trappings, as there is in a race-course, or in a regatta, or a rifle-match, or even a hunting-field. There, skill and bottom are of course the chief things; but people who do not understand or care about the chief things find something to attract them in the mere look of the horses, or the yachts, or the weapons. Even in a billiard-table or a chess-board there may be something to admire in the implements of the game; and the colours of the croquet balls, and the pretty appendages seen at archery meetings, are not without their charm. But there is nothing attractive to the unskilled mind in the hard ball and the bats and the six stumps which make up the artillery of cricket; nor can it usually be said that ideas of coquettish elegance have made much way in the regulation of cricketing costume. All is as homely, and suited for mere hard and hot work, as the appearance of a mason among his bricks, or a carpenter in shop, or a soldier in the middle of a campaign. There are good bats and bad bats, just as the mason probably is choice about his trowels and the mower about his scythes; but there is no transferring to the implement, or borrowing from it, the interest which belongs exclusively to the man. It is his primary and essential powers, of course trained and practised, which are called for, and are indispensable; and there is no supplying their place by increased perfection of instruments. The simplicity and almost rudeness of these turn the attention exclusively to the delicate and subtle play of eye and hand, of brain and muscle, and to equally delicate, but perfectly appreciable, differences in the various results of their work.

A play and sport which involves the necessity of hard bodily



exertion, and the chance of sharp knocks and bruises, and which depends for its interest simply on the exercise, for their own sake, and in their purest and most independent form, of the qualities which make up manly address, activity, and force, is, for this reason only, an admirable one. But there is more than this in cricket. More than in any other game of strength and skill, there is required in it a variety of powers. Muscular force, speed, quickness, flexibility, agility, may at any moment be indispensable, though the game is not directly to put them to trial, and it is impossible to say when they may be wanted. But the result depends on their being found ready and available when called upon. The sureness of eye on which the billiard-player or the rifle-shot depends is no less wanted on both sides of the wickets; and it is not often more signally and, at times, marvellously displayed, or the want of it accompanied with more ruinous effects, than in the fielding of a game of cricket. Nor are they only bodily qualities which it calls for and tries. Where so many men have to work together and depend on one another, and when the chances of things going wrong are so various and often surprising, every one has to put up with other people's deficiencies and failures as well as with his own, and the opinion, perhaps, which is passed on them. When twenty-two eager and spirited men meet to try their force, a good deal of quiet forbearance and self-command is, in reality, called into exercise to keep matters straight and pleasant. And when eleven men have to be made the best of, and to be carried through the ups and downs of a stiff game, it tests both generalship and the power of co-operation. It makes all the difference what use is made of a man and where he is placed, both to his own play and that of others. The vicissitudes and odd turns of success which attend all games are very conspicuous and often unaccountable in cricket; and to be able to make the best of them, and to go on hopefully when things look most unfavourable, has often made the difference in the end of a game. It requires a man who is able to keep up his spirit, and to keep up the spirits of his friends, to stand the discipline and do justice to the demands of the cricket-field. Cricket often looks a languid sport to the bystander who does not understand it. But this means that it demands a patience, a vigilance, a power of endurance, a readiness of adaptation to slightly altering, but in their alteration most important, circumstances, which try in the highest degree the temper and the mettle of a man.

More, again, than in any other game the prominence of the individual player is combined with the concert and play of the rest; and while it is entirely distinct from them in its special characteristics, it depends absolutely on their co-operation and antagonism for its full effect. One man, for the time, and in succession, concentrates on himself the attention, the hopes and efforts, of all who are following the game; yet he himself is only part in each stroke that is played, and, much more, in the whole result. Each man has his own peculiar career; he makes his good score or his bad one; he is successful in his bowling or his fielding; yet the game is won or lost by no single player, but by the combined efforts of what all do, as each, at his own post and at the proper time, discharges his duty, or fails in what he ought to contribute. There is ample room for individual excellence, but it cannot be solitary. The best player is one of a side and of a set of men; his success is identified with theirs; it is not merged and lost in theirs, but it is dependent upon them. He may win with great credit to himself; but he wins not for himself, but for his eleven. This is one of the distinctive features of cricket. In the first place, it has a bearing on the art and skill of the game; for no other game has been arranged with such a distribution of distinct parts, working together and playing into one another, like the interdependent and corresponding movement of an engine, yet assigned to different players, each of whom has to bring his own aptitude, and who must all be made to work together spontaneously and freely. A game is a high one as an invention which depends on such a combination of organization with individual action, and of real order with apparent looseness, and on so careful a marshalling of separate players for one result. But the character given to it of companionship is still more distinctive. It interests a set of men together, in themselves, and in a common object, closely and generously. No doubt the companionship is not very cordial when the team is a bad or unequal one. But nothing can be heartier than the goodwill with which an eleven work who feel that they are getting on well together, and that each man is helping all the rest to do justice to their side; and even bad fortune will not disturb it, where there is nothing to complain of but being fairly overmatched. Each man feels that he has his work to do, and that he has to succeed or fail in it. Let him do it well, and he will have the full credit for it; but the result belongs to something higher than his own individual honour; and the fortunes of his side are of more consequence than anything that happens to himself, both generally, and, if he has proper spirit, in his own personal feelings.

There is another circumstance about cricket which fits in with the charm which it has for a people who pride themselves in accepting the world as they find it, and submitting cheerfully to its conditions. In most other games it is easy to imagine, at least, a player never failing. All games usually have their vicissitudes and reverses; but it is perfectly possible to conceive an accomplished chess-player, or waterman, or rifle-shot, beating always and never being beaten. He may be supposed to carry his excellence, absolutely or relatively, so far as to come off always victorious. But the best cricketer ends at last with being out. If he is not put out, he dies, as it were of old age, with his side. His

fate is to be conquered and succumb in the end. His success does not consist in defeating for good all attempts to take his wicket, and keeping his adversaries hopelessly waiting, while they are vainly trying to overthrow him. He knows that it is merely a question of time, and what he has to do is to put off the inevitable as long as possible; and, meanwhile, to make the most of his time while he has it. The side may win; but the individual must at last be foiled and beaten, and see his innings violently closed. Individuals must die in succession, that their side may gain, and their separate victory is only the price at which they sell their life. You may see, perhaps, a race-horse, or a champion, or a ship, which has never been beaten; but you know, when you read the names of the first cricketers, that every one of them has been at last defeated over and over again—been bowled, or caught, or in some way or other failed at the critical moment, and met a fate which was stronger than himself, and for which he was not prepared. He has often felt, too, we cannot doubt, the bitterness and mortification of the defeat. In other games, the last efforts, the strokes which come in at the end of the play, are usually those which secure the triumph, and are identified with the joy of success. But in cricket, each man's last stroke is usually the fatal one; the one which brings home to him the feeling that he has made a mistake, at any rate that he has found his match. Instead of being the stroke which just wins, it is, for the most part, the proof of failure. The taste of reverse is exacted, even for the most brilliant triumph, when a man thus fails, through his own fault or another's; the last feeling with which he quits his place is not that of success, but of defeat; a touch of individual disappointment blends itself commonly with the satisfaction of having shared in the performances of a victorious side. Yet the personal discomfiture is softened by the consciousness of its necessity some time or other, and is lost in the paramount interest felt in the fortunes of his side. A game which succeeds in tasking to the utmost the individual for public objects—which requires of him so much, while it seems to give him so little for his own—which so curiously reflects the conditions of that greater game of human life in which personal competition and prominence are inextricably interwoven with co-operation and dependence on others, and in which the longest innings and largest score must be broken off at last—is a worthy and characteristic invention of the humour and energy of Englishmen.

#### NATURAL BOUNDARIES.

CERTAINLY no maxim is more true than that which assures those who would have anything believed, that, if they repeat it incessantly, they may count on success at last. Partly from the natural laziness which makes it easier to acquiesce in anything than to contest it, partly from a more amiable tendency to suppose men to be honest and intelligent till the contrary is proved, we see every day how persevering impudence wins currency for doctrines which reason and argument could not have established and can hardly overthrow. But when a view so pertinaciously advocated has the additional advantage of a plausible simplicity, and gratifies what Bacon calls the constant and dangerous tendency of the human mind to suppose a greater clearness and uniformity in things than it sees, one need hardly wonder that preposterous errors should come to be accepted as axiomatic truths. The French are adepts, above all other nations, in inventing and working this class of sophisms, and our English practical sense does not seem to prevent us from being constantly the victims of their dexterity. It must be owned that they manage the trick with considerable skill. First of all, a good instance of the theory to be proved is found (there is nothing so false but an instance may be found for it); and then the proposition is generalized from the single case in a graceful, pointed way, and put forth with the air of an undoubted philosophical maxim. Most people yield at once to the philosophy and the epigram, and if any demand additional proof, the old instance is held up and shaken over them. Now and then, cautious men inquire a little further, and find that the great majority of the instances make the other way; but meantime an impression has been made on the mass of readers, and the juggler passes on well satisfied with his success.

It is somewhat after this fashion that the doctrine of Natural Boundaries seems to have been forced upon us by ingenious French pamphleteers and their ignorant imitators in this country. There is, no doubt, a sort of plausibility in the idea that nations are everywhere separated by the irremovable landmarks which nature herself has placed, and that discontents and wars would cease if the artificial limits of man's setting could only be made to coincide with those which it was intended he should obey. The thing is simple in theory, and looks, on a first view, as if it would work extremely well in practice. What a comfort to be able to forget everything about frontiers except the direction of a familiar river or mountain range! What a relief to the overtaken memories of schoolboys! There are only two drawbacks to the system—the one, that it would be impossible, as the world is constituted, to have it recognised; the other, that it is untrue in theory. Of these, the first will be so generally admitted that it is only the latter we need dwell upon here. If it has any meaning at all, the doctrine of natural boundaries means two things; first, that there do actually exist certain well-marked physical limits—rivers, mountains, deserts, and so forth—on the two opposite sides of which are to be found

populations differing in race, language, and character; and secondly, that these natural distinctions suggest, and ought to rule, the political divisions of mankind into peoples and commonwealths. Now the first impulse of any one who should, after hearing this, examine the map of Europe, would be to pronounce the whole notion absurd; his second would be to admit that there was just enough truth in it to give a colour, though a faint one, to the falsehood. The name of Nature, however often and however grossly it has been abused by theorists of all sorts, has such a charm for men that it is of the greatest consequence to know in any case exactly how far it can be justly invoked. Let us see how the case stands. Europe affords two instances in which different races are so divided. France is physically cut off from Spain by the Pyrenees, Italy from Germany by the Alps. Even in these the division is by no means perfect, for the dwellers on opposite sides of the Pyrenees resemble each other far more nearly than the man of Bearn does the man of Orleans, or the Navarrese the Andalusian; while between Italians and Germans there is a wide debatable land which it is hard to assign to either nation. But where is the boundary between the German and the Slave, or the Slave and the Rouman? or what line can be drawn to separate Russians from Poles, Poles from Lithuanians, Danes from Germans, Magyars from Serbs? Between almost all the peoples of Europe there are, and can be, no natural boundaries; and it is just because there are none that a war has just been threatening Western Europe, and that yet more ominous clouds still hang round the Danube and the Vistula. Nor is there any difficulty in perceiving the reason of this. The natural boundaries with which we have to deal in Europe are mountains and rivers. Mountains—by rendering communication difficult, and still more perhaps by making it less necessary, since they are usually inhabited by a poor and scanty population which has little occasion to exchange commodities—do tend to isolate nations, and to arrest the progress of a migrating or colonizing race. Hence, both in the two examples given above and in all others that can be found in any other part of the world, it is by mountain ranges that sharp divisions are made. Yet, even with them, the separation is far less perfect and frequent than we should have expected *a priori*. In the Peninsula, for example, the frontier of Spain and Portugal crosses all, instead of following any, of the sierras. But with rivers the case is altogether different. So far from being the best, they are of all possible lines about the worst, for a boundary, just because they unite instead of dividing. The same reason which makes mountains isolate nations makes rivers connect them, and history proves what natural reason would have led us to expect—that population is nowhere so uniform, political and social cohesion nowhere so strong, as in a river valley. It was there first that men built cities and organized themselves into communities; it is there still that intercourse is most brisk, and that anything which should interrupt it would be most hurtful. And hence it is that not a single instance can be found in which a river divides two nationalities. The Danube does not, nor the Volga, nor the Oder, nor the Po, nor the Vistula. The Rhine is, as every one knows, a German river—that is to say, is inhabited on both sides by a German-speaking population—from the glaciers of the Vogelsberg to the quays of Rotterdam. The Ganges is the centre of Eastern India, just as the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence are of the United States and of Canada; just as the Nile is of Egypt, and the Yang-tze-kiang of China. Not the Indus, but the Soliman range, is the western boundary of Hindostan. It would be hard to name a single case of a river separating two kingdoms in which it has not been made to do so by preferring political convenience to national sympathy and national interest. If, therefore, the time should come to set right the frontiers of European States in accordance with physical conditions, the first step would be to restore to Germany the whole valley of the Rhine, and give to Poland the lower valley of the Vistula; to decree that each river-basin shall belong exclusively to one State, and that no boundaries but watersheds be recognised for the future. Fortunately such a plan would not be physically, even were it politically, possible. Nature, if one must use the word, has deemed the isolating influences of language and race sufficiently strong, and has erected no unnecessary barriers between nations. It is impossible to find, in the great plain that stretches from the English Channel to the Ural mountains, anything that can be called a natural line of demarcation between the three or four great races that occupy it; and an attempt to alter the existing position of those races would cause far more evil than it would cure.

Looking back over the last century or two, we need not be greatly surprised that so many strange theories should be afloat regarding political geography and the rights of nationalities. Before the French Revolution, nations were not recognised except through their Governments, and were never supposed to have any feelings different from those which their Governments expressed. One practice which now excites universal indignation—the practice of turning over a people or a province from one sovereign to another as a mere matter of political convenience—was then the unfailing and unquestioned resource of diplomacy in every dynastic difficulty. The Revolution and the career of Napoleon, its apostle, changed all this, and kindled that desire for full national independence and that intense consciousness of national life which seems to have become a sort of passion throughout the Continent. Eloquent men both in France and Germany have been completely carried away by this fantastic enthusiasm for their race, and have written histories in which everything great that has been achieved in either country

has been ascribed to Gallicism or to Teutonism, just as a certain class of writers, now happily discredited both here and in America, used to chant psalms to Anglo-Saxondom. In M. Michelet's writings, for example, we find proclaimed a sort of gospel of race, by which each nation is taught to cherish and exult in its own peculiarities of character, and to spurn, not only the control, but even the resistance or rivalry of another. And cases are not wanting in which this spurious national glory is seen to be deliberately preferred to internal peace and good government. Now, just as it is taken for granted, by the theorists above mentioned, that each race has its mission and its indefeasible right to a separate political existence, so many persons seem to fancy that there has been assigned to each a particular part of the earth's surface, clearly marked off from the territories of its neighbours, and possessing physical conditions conformable to its own character and to that mission. There is no lack of ingenuity in these notions, but the most slender acquaintance with the history and the present geographical relations of the European peoples is enough to show them to be utterly chimerical. Great nations have usually been produced from mixed rather than from pure races (it is, indeed, no easy matter to find a pure race now); inferior races have often been absorbed by superior ones, to the great benefit of both and of the world. Who would now care to resuscitate the ghosts of departed nationalities, two or three of which flit about these islands, while many more infest the Continent? As for those sharply drawn boundaries of nations which men talk of, they exist nowhere but on the map, which represents, and cannot but represent, ethnological phenomena as inadequately as it does physical. In many parts of Europe, two races live side by side on the same soil, sometimes in the same villages; while almost everywhere there is on the frontiers of any two nations a wide debatable land, not without difficulty to be assigned to either. The moral of all this is, not that no sympathy should be given to an oppressed nationality—for a people whose national feeling is keen, who are willing to do and suffer great things for national independence, are almost sure to be worthy of it—but that each case must be judged temperately and by itself, and that the existing conditions of things should not be disturbed unless the benefits of a change are clear, or its need irresistible. As such a criterion limits the application of the so-called principle of nationalities, so it absolutely rejects the fancy of natural boundaries, which, if accepted, would be a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole system. It is hard enough, as we see, to draw any line on the earth's surface which shall fitly limit the allotted heritage of each race; how much harder to find everywhere a river or a mountain chain which that line may follow! If an ethnographical boundary happens to coincide with a physical one, the argument for making it a political frontier is not perceptibly stronger. If it does not so coincide, are we to desert, for the sake of a spurious simplicity, that very principle of respecting the wishes of the people and the arrangements that nature and history have brought about, from which we originally started, and upon which the whole doctrine depends?

The fact is, that this notion about natural boundaries, which has risen into popularity by clinging to the skirts of the doctrine of nationalities, is of all its foes the most dangerous. That doctrine is, as has been said, far enough from being the panacea for the ills of Europe which the revolutionary party seem to fancy it; but it expresses what is to a great extent a sound principle, though one which is easily capable of very false and mischievous applications. The natural-boundary doctrine is, from beginning to end, a pestilent fallacy, which could not be reduced to practice without centuries of war; and, if reduced to practice, it would violate national feeling far more widely and cruelly than does the present system. That such must be its result none know better than the authors of the theory, whose hardly disguised aim is, not the welfare of Europe, but the defence of a long-meditated project of spoliation. The merits of that project and the arguments by which it is justified are an attractive theme, but they deserve an article to themselves.

#### SMILES.

THERE are some things that familiarity does not teach us. We may be too intimate with the people about us to be able to pronounce on certain points with the correct judgment of mere acquaintances, or even of strangers. Amongst these things, we suspect, is the quality of smile with which those nearest to us are endowed. If any chance should bring the question before us, we are thrown back upon our memory, and have to recollect what we thought when we first knew such or such a face. Thus, lovers apostrophize and idolize smiles, but the happiness of husbands and of all homes depends on some more habitual expression. Those who are driven to speculate on them in this sphere, and to watch for them, are not fortunate men. If this be true—if our attention being called to smiles, we do not look at home, but amongst acquaintance, casual encounters, new faces—we think the fact throws some light upon the worth of smiles, and their value as a test of character. We are not going to disparage the very prettiest thing the eye can look upon. Nobody need hope or fear to drive smiles out of fashion. We claim to be as easily led captive by them, as open to their blandishments, as our neighbours—as ready to admit that, in the perfect ideal smile, we see the bloom, the light, the glory of the human face divine. It is not the smile, nor the meaning and honesty of the smile, that we bring under discussion. But if it can be shown



that the typical smile is for grand occasions, is (shall we say?) a company rather than a domestic thing, it may place the smile, as a standard of temper and heart, on a different level from the received one. We are not saying that every home worthy of the name is not wreathed about with good serviceable smiles cheering to heart and eye; but these are felt in their effects, not studied and analysed. Smiles of name—whether “deep and ambrosial,” “superb,” “ineffable,” “bewitching,” “penetrating,” “brilliant,” “illuminating,” “persuasive,” “transfiguring,” or even eminently “expressive”—are a different class of thing altogether from these domestic manufactures, and are evoked by different causes. Even the “warm genial smile,” as a prominent distinction, belongs to the good manner which gets its possessor talked about.

Mr. Trollope has made some good remarks on the flattery of a beautiful woman's smile. We believe it is not only modern Griseldas who use their smiles for this purpose, but that, in their very nature, and taken at the best, there is a touch of flattery in the smile that charms us. The real fascinating smile is not for the wear and tear of every-day life. It is conscious of itself. Though sincere (for feigned smiles are not discussed here), it is prompted by some excitement—by the desire to please, to carry a point, to represent self or some cherished object in a favourable aspect—and is bestowed on persons not subject, at least not yet subject, to the smiler's habitual influence. We say of these smiles—engaging, beaming, searching, appealing, questioning, captivating, smiles making ordinary features beautiful, turning the stern or merely impassive or coldly regular countenance into a thing instinct with life, thought, and sympathy—of the smiles, in short, that literally illumine the features, that they do not tell us half as much of the soul that animates them as we may learn from the same countenance at rest. We think we see refinement, tenderness, geniality, sympathy, even a good conscience, in a smile; but at the best it rather shows a susceptibility of moral excellences than that practice of them which impresses itself on the face in repose. And, besides, how few can distinguish between mere beauty of form and beauty of expression! A hundred things over which the soul has no control must fix the lines which form the graceful “contraction” of a lovely smile. All the moral elements may exist, but some perversity of organization may result in a mere contortion, while beauty and harmony of feature always please the eye, even where the mind and heart are in no very active fellowship. For it is only those muscles which are in habitual use that the mind can train into absolute obedience to its purposes; and over-practice in smiling never ends in perfection.

It is often said, in extenuation of a harsh, close, or otherwise unattractive physiognomy, that the owner of it has a sweet smile. “Have you observed his smile?” we are asked, and constantly this smile is alleged as a guarantee. That man must be sound at the core who has an open, ingenuous, intelligent smile. The rest is accident, or the world's rough usage; but the smile lifts the veil, and shows us the real temper, mind, and heart, which are understood to be disguised by the usual pose of features. For our part, we trust the ordinary expression; where that is cold, we believe that the heart is cold too. There is a certain lightning flash illuminating some countenances which may be accepted as a sign of transitory interest and good-will, if people will be content with this; but which, to our fancy, rather sets the smiler in a striking and attractive point of view than brings him nearer to us, or tells us anything about the relation of his mind towards others. The smile comes from within—from the stir of a certain abstract benevolence, from a fount of satisfied complacent thought—and shines with the design of revealing something to us not in sympathy with our homely nature. There need be no inherent coldness here, but we think that people with this brilliant telling smile will often be found, in a quiet way, very full of themselves, and attributing to themselves a prominent place in the mind and interest of others. The smile has in reality a touch of patronage in it, but, if bright and sudden enough, the chill is lost in a sense of favour. This smile is, no doubt, a mark of that strong “pronounced” individuality which puts some characters so far in advance of their less confident fellows. People who never break away from the stolidity of their every-day expression, who are aware of an inner sumptuary law against it, may not necessarily be more self-forgetting than others. Self-consciousness, awkward in many ways, has often the advantage over others in its smile. “My expression is best,” said Simeon, “when I am talking to little children.” We have little doubt that he was right, and that the smiles lavished on these innocents were of first-rate quality—only, unfortunately, he knew it.

There is another sort of smile belonging to men of strong characters of which we hear high encomiums—the transforming smile, which sets off and humanizes the countenance in the most unexpected manner. Conquerors and dictators in all spheres are often described with this redeeming grace. But it is scarcely a compliment to any man's habitual expression to attribute this effect to what can be only an occasional performance; especially as the transforming smile, if we read romances aright, is also the “rare smile” which engages the affections of young ladies who have never lived under the influence of a bad temper, and think they should rather like it. Where the smile has this double quality, what must be the every-day expression towards people not worth smiling upon? Give us rather for our constant companion a face to which smiles are so natural, and so in sequence with other transitions of expression, as to excite no speculation—whose sweetness, at any rate, shall owe none of its effects to sharp contrasts.

All smiles, after childhood, are things of education; in fact, they are at once the sign of earliest consciousness and of the highest development and finish. Perhaps they do not arrive at their more exquisite perfection between the two extremes. Savages, we are told, never smile. Men engaged in the rough work of the world laugh, but seldom smile; when they do, it is a token of intellectual advance. It is painful to observe how seldom the poor smile, with what grave faces they accost one another, until we chance to reflect how little mirth there often is in our own smiles, and recall the sense of relief which our muscles not seldom find in relaxing from them. There is the smile, for example—the worldling's smile, as poets and moralists are so good as to call it—which represents only that we are on our good behaviour, making the best of things, and concealing indifference from persons who would think ill of us and eschew our company if we did not dress our face in a show of welcome or sympathy. Now take this smile so much cried down, this type of insincerity, and contrast it with those cheerful radiant exhibitions which are so constantly set against it, and we are not sure that a good deal may not be said on its side. The difference will not be found so entirely a moral one as is uniformly taken for granted. We are not going to set the poor conventional hack smile against the affluence and benediction of that which expresses a full, deeply moved, loving heart; and unquestionably that smile, whatever its source, is brightest which comes from being pleased, and need not justify itself by an hypothesis; but where is the merit of most smiles? Mrs. Browning has personified a whole tribe of beaming, satisfied, youthful radiances in her little Ellie, who

Sits alone,  
And the smile she softly useth  
Fills the silence like a speech,  
While she thinks what shall be done,  
And the sweetest pleasure chooseth  
For her future within reach.  
  
Little Ellie in her smile  
Chooseth — “I will have a lover  
Riding on a steed of steeds,” &c. &c.

The so-called “worldling”—the man who smiles when he is not glad at heart, and has no fair anticipations to retire into at pleasure—may have more humanity in his feigning than there is in the other's nature and truth, and is honest than he knows himself to be. He smiles in support of large general principles—in acknowledgment that man is a social being, and would be wretched if alienated from his kind. It is no cause of joy, perhaps, that visitors come interrupting or disturbing us; but we smile from a sense of duty to them, as men in fellowship with our kind—in recognition of the truth that, if our solitude were never to be broken in upon, if we were indeed alone, isolated, neglected, we should be miserable, and life a burden. And the effort is not unrewarded. Cause and effect change places. We do not smile because we are glad, but, by dint of assuming cheerfulness as a duty, we taste a certain satisfaction. The smile of patience, forbearance, good manners, forced and unreal though it be, is worn many times in the day by every person who accepts the responsibilities of life, and acknowledges other obligations than his own comfort and inclination.

We are apt to class smiles grammatically as masculine and feminine. Thus the lightning smile is seen with most effect on men, while the bewitching smile is essentially a woman's weapon. The critical smile, the “slow, gradual smile”—a certain subtle, delicate, polite smile of carrying a point in argument—is a man's mode of triumph; while the artless, appealing, “mocking,” winning, cajoling smile is best pointed with girlish dimples. The best smile of all—that of sympathy, where the eyes do more than the lips—is to be seen wherever the feelings have the luck to meet with features pliant and graceful enough to let them show themselves to advantage.

We have kept clear of the whole race of melodramatic and tragic smiles, whose very last design is to express or to convey pleasure—as, for example, the smile of scorn, anger, hate, despair. Nor do we touch on that milder and more domestic provocation, the smile of incredulity, which many besides Thackeray have found “a most naughty and odious expression in a young lady's face.” Of course the smiles we treat of have no relationship, or only the most distant, to laughter, or to those broad smiles, degenerating into giggling explosiveness, which are the reproach of undisciplined youth. There have been times when laughter was wholly forbidden to the well-bred gentlewoman—when it was pronounced vulgar, inadmissible at tournament or court of love. Ladies might never go beyond a smile; but then that mediæval smile! What was not said and sung, what was not borne and suffered, for the divine emanation? The *lampeggiar del angelico riso* of Laura received its apotheosis; the *santo riso* of Beatrice has become a constellation since it first shone on Dante, as “that admirable person in a dress of purest white” transfixed him with a smile “of such ineffable courtesy that on the instant he attained the extreme of human happiness.” If all this means nothing else, it means that the smile has always been an affair of cultivation, a carefully-trained flower, an influence and power not unknown to the possessor. These historical smiles would have been quite out of place, and in fact impossible, in the merely domestic circle. And so it is still. Smiles of the ineffable sort are the expression of thought and feeling happily stimulated and exerted in a new field, or wherever opportunities and influence are occasional, and to be made much of. However pleasant the wife's smile to her husband, it was a different smile which first charmed him. The smile of purest benevolence is not

lavished on those whose well-being is the first duty and daily care. In fact, with all these, smiles have done their part. When you know men or women thoroughly, you have got past their smiles; these will tell you nothing of the disposition or character which you did not know more perfectly in other ways, and you will cease to study them.

#### ORIGINAL SERMONS.

A SCOTCH Presbyterian minister has lately been accused by certain members of his congregation of wilfully using in his sermons "the thoughts and language of others." The standard of theological originality must be higher in the North than in the South, since this act is described not only as "unbecoming the sacred profession of a minister of the gospel" but also as "severely punishable by the laws of the Church." If the charge is well founded, the culprit has certainly given his enemies unnecessary occasion of rejoicing by publishing the borrowed sermon as his own production; and the enormity of the crime is probably increased by the circumstances of the theft having been committed upon the writings of two Episcopalian—Mr. Archer Butler and Mr. F. W. Robertson. Had it not been for this fact, we should have recommended the accused to plead the example of Lord Plunket; but if he is already suspected of prelatial leanings, he will hardly improve his position by sheltering himself behind the lawn of an Irish bishop. Mr. Butler has also a posthumous injury to complain of, since his Scotch admirer is further charged with publishing a memoir of some clerical friend of which "the thoughts, language, and substance were knowingly, wilfully, and furtively appropriated from a memoir of the late Rev. William Archer Butler by the Very Rev. Thomas Woodward." To do this successfully implies a very remarkable degree of skill on the part of the author of the adaptation. Sermon-stealing is a plain straightforward business enough, but to make one life do for two men seems, at least to those who have never tried it, almost an impossibility. Whether it is to be desired that the process should be brought into general use we are hardly able to say. On the one hand, there are a great many biographies published which the reader would gladly see different from what they are, even at the sacrifice of their individuality; on the other hand, it would be awkward to have everybody's history recast after death upon some generally approved model. Thus, to take only a single example, the student of unfulfilled prophecy might have his ideas seriously confused by the publication of "Final Memorials of Dr. Cumming," in the "thoughts, language, and substance" of Swift's "Account of the Death of Mr. Partridge."

We confess, however, that the principal emotion which this incident of ecclesiastical life in Scotland has excited in us is one of envy. That a time should ever come when we may be spared sermons altogether seems almost past hoping for, but we should occasionally go to church with a lighter heart if we thought that we might at least be spared an original composition of the preacher's. The system of letting no one say his prayers on a Sunday without putting him under instruction afterwards must have something to be said for it which is not generally known. It could never have lived as long as it has, or show such signs of continuing to live on indefinitely, if it were the purely irrational practice which it seems to be. We assume, therefore, the existence of some argument in its favour, some reason why from eleven o'clock to one should be the only accepted time for a Sunday's duties, some justification for one-fourth of this space being invariably devoted to a sermon. But the most rigid Conservative may plead for a redress of grievances, and it is in the interest of the *status quo* that we ask for some relaxation of our burdens. We throw ourselves on the forbearance of the pulpit. Be content, we say, with the consciousness of power, and don't be tyrannous in the exercise of it. In judgment remember mercy. Preach to us if you will, but don't always preach your own sermons. Consider what is frequently the position of the helpless, and to all outward appearance uncomplaining, hearer. He has come to church doubtless for good reasons, and it would be impertinent to inquire whether his doing so is in any way connected with his engagement to a young lady of the congregation. If it is, his position is probably embittered by the prospect of many similar Sundays to come, marriage having usually, in the present day, the reverse effect of that ascribed to it in the parable. Reckless advisers bid him go out after the prayers, but then they have not to meet a fiancée's family at luncheon an hour later; and, besides that, he knows that his inevitable stumbles over the feet of his fellow-worshippers would arouse official attention, and he would be overtaken, before he reached the church door, by the pew-opener with a glass of water, and the medical gentleman from the adjoining seat. If he is fortunate enough to have a pillar between himself and the pulpit, he may take this opportunity of increasing his knowledge of hymnology, and occasionally he will find a neatly folded paper before him containing the balance-sheet of some parochial charity. If these aids to reflection are wanting, or if he feels some awkwardness in having recourse to them from being just in front of the preacher, there is nothing left for him but to listen. "He cannot choose but hear." It may seem an insignificant hardship, but then the irritation of a hardship is generally out of all proportion to its magnitude. The victim knows perhaps that the preacher is younger than himself, and that there is no possible subject, other than theology, on which he would care to ascertain his opinions. If the sermon

showed any special knowledge, this would matter little; but, unfortunately, the preacher's information is often on the same scale as his original powers, and his views on matters theological are, therefore, of equally small value with his views on anything else. Indeed, it would be a miracle if they were otherwise, since he has never studied the subject except so far as is involved in an attendance on Divinity lectures, and the taking down a portentous list of books. He trusts entirely to the light of nature, and nature has not justified his confidence.

The composition of an original sermon is mostly accomplished in one of two ways. The first method is as follows:—The writer, after choosing his text, and counting the number of pages over which his exposition of it must be sketched, avails himself, in the first instance, of an invaluable institution, known as "reference to the context." This consists chiefly in paraphrasing what has gone before—a process which has the double advantage of carrying you well over the ground, and creating an impression that you have studied the subject carefully. Indeed the comparative value of texts to a young divine must be largely determined by the number of verses which can, without obvious impropriety, be made available for this purpose; and therefore it is always prudent, if we may be allowed to offer a suggestion, to take your text from the end of a chapter, since, if you have to go back for your context to the chapter before, the motive becomes too transparent. Our friend is now fairly started, and, on examining his own especial verse, he probably finds that it contains a leading substantive, and one or two adjectives, each of which will of course admit of being reproduced in inferior language—a change which is supposed, by a stretch of courtesy, to assist in bringing out the meaning. The help of a concordance will then enable him to quote two or three other verses in which the same words are used, sometimes with a similar, more often with a quite different, meaning. This is called interpreting Scripture by Scripture, and the extent to which it is to be adopted must of course depend upon the number of pages still remaining to be filled. A few technical terms are now sprinkled over the composition to give it the proper theological flavour, the preacher being guided in his selection by the tastes of the party to which he happens to belong; and the whole winds up with an application of what has been said to the special circumstances of the hearers. This may be thought perhaps to require some knowledge and judgment, but in reality it needs nothing of the kind. You have merely to repeat as much as is convenient of what you have already said, and to take care to begin each sentence with, "Let us learn from this," or "Let us ask ourselves." The preacher who prefers the second method of composition estimates his powers more modestly, and is quite content to be indebted to others for his matter. Here, however, the present system works badly in another way. The pretence of originality has to be maintained, and consequently everything must be avoided which can possibly lead to detection. The preacher is therefore driven either to choose sermons of which the only merit is a mediocrity alike undistinguished and undistinguishable, or to alter and adapt what he has borrowed so as to guard against any danger of its being recognised. In other words, he leaves out all the striking parts, tones down what remains, and thus produces a whole which, though better than that attained by the former method, is still unsatisfactory in itself and eminently unimproving to the writer.

If it were the custom to read a certain amount of poetry every Sunday in church, instead of preaching a sermon, we should hardly think it judicious to insist upon the reader giving us nothing but his own verses; nor should we consider ourselves to be gainers by a stipulation that the organist should invariably play his own music, to the entire exclusion of the works of greater composers. But neither of these practices would be one whit more absurd than that of expecting every preacher, young or old, learned or unlearned, experienced or inexperienced, to write something every week which, by a species of polite fiction, shall be accepted as original. There have been great preachers in almost every language, and sermons form a considerable part of our own and other literatures. And yet scarcely any one ever reads them, or knows them except by name and reputation; and it is really a melancholy reflection that these irritating half-hours, from which George Herbert himself could extract nothing but a lesson of patience, might, if turned to better account, make us familiar with some of the greatest of European writers. How many people have read Dr. Newman's *Parochial Sermons*? Which of us has ever opened Taylor, or South, or Barrow? Who would not rather, even if they have done so, hear them over again than sit listening to the painful result of Mr. Smith's Saturday evening exertions? Or, if these sources do not offer variety enough to suit the taste of the preacher or his hearers, he may take a higher flight, and employ himself in translating some of the great French preachers. It is a more ambitious task than reading an English sermon, but surely it is a far less ambitious task than writing one for himself; and though much of the beauty would be lost in the transfer, yet, if he only translated literally, the substance would be indestructible, and the baldest rendering of Massillon or Bourdaloue would fall like summer rain upon the parched ears of many a London congregation. The only sufferers by the change would be the gentlemen who undertake to supply "Original MS. Sermons" post-free for thirty stamps, and refutations of Tractarianism or Neo-free for 1s. 6d. extra; but if this singular vested interest were thought to deserve any compensation it might be provided at a very moderate cost. At the same time,



we have no wish to see the composition of sermons put an end to, or ecclesiastical laziness encouraged; nor do we mean to imply that no man ought to write his own sermons whom nature has not made an orator, or study a profound theologian. On the contrary, we believe that it is in the power of almost any man to preach so that all may listen to him with advantage, provided he will be content to give us, in the simplest language, the veritable results of his own reading, his own observation, and his own experience. But if we may judge from the sermons it has sometimes been our lot to hear, and oftener to hear of, it is no uncommon thing for men to begin to preach before they have either read, or thought, or felt, and to go on preaching without paying any regard to the premature exhaustion of their materials. It is to give time to the former class and rest to the latter that we recommend the frank and open use of other men's labours; and we are convinced that the surest way of increasing the supply of really original sermons would be to prune judiciously the over-abundant growth of such as only pretend to be so.

#### THE BANTING SYSTEM.

II.

THE remarks which we have made on a previous occasion may perhaps be serviceable in helping the reader to appreciate the merits of the treatment adopted at the present time for the prevention and cure of corpulence. For our own part, we are not so hostile to *emboupoint* as to be prepared to join in the Banting *furor* now so prevalent. A certain degree of this quality we look upon as positively desirable, both as regards ornament and utility. Of its advantages on the score of comeliness we say nothing; but to assert that a healthy person, whether he be fair and forty or not, should be tolerably well supplied with adipose tissue, is only to say that he ought to possess a treasury of materials laid up which, in case of illness or unusual compulsory abstinence from food, shall be available for saving the tissues of important organs from waste, and to be supplied with a non-conducting substance which may enable him to retain animal temperature, and thus to resist cold and other atmospheric influences. Of this latter function performed by fat perhaps the best illustration may be found in the case of the seal and kindred animals, which, being almost entirely without covering on the skin, are gifted, by way of compensation, with a very large allowance of fat beneath the surface.

Supposing, however, that fat should have been accumulated in a burdensome and unpleasant manner in various parts of the body so as to render it positively obese, the patient must do something to reduce his magnitude in some degree to that of his fellow-mortals. If a man has contracted the habit of beginning and closing the day by taking a large bowl of new milk (a fluid which contains on an average from 4 to 8 or 9 per cent. of non-nitrogenous or fattening elements), along with three or four rounds of hot buttered toast; if, moreover, he dines at Greenwich or Richmond thrice a week, takes soup saturated with sugar, drinks punch with his green turtle fat, washes down the *blanchaille à la Diable* with white hermitage, eats currant jelly with his haunch of venison, and then drinks Cluquot's sweet champagne with his *pâté de foie gras* or stewed eels, new Scotch ale with his *filet de bœuf aux olives*, and white curaçon or *crème à la vanille* as a *chasse*; and if he afterwards devours handfuls of sugared fruits of all kinds for dessert, and winds up on leaving with a glass of whisky toddy preparatory to his ride home with his cigar in his mouth, he must expect to hoard up a good reserve of hydro-carbons somewhere, and eventually perhaps to become an object for the finger of scorn. He may even arrive at the roundabout proportions of Mr. Banting, with his 202 lbs. of "too, too solid flesh," in spite of the ninety Turkish baths and the surgical surgeon from whom he so opportunely escaped. If, in addition to the before-mentioned indulgences, a man takes little or no exercise, turns into smoke his three or four ninepenny regalias in the course of the sun's circuit, sleeps eight or ten hours on an eider-down mattress, and shrinks from all anxiety or thought which might weary or perplex his cerebrum, he may then calculate upon so fixing and consolidating his combustibles as to be worthy of a peripatetic journey in a van to the provincial fairs, or upon exceeding the renowned Lambert himself, who weighed fifty-two stone and a half. Or why should he not emulate the gentleman whose *chaise-à-porteur* had to be carried over the hills by a dozen attendants? or at least become like Charles Hulet, who was able to play Falstaff without any addition to his dress? Having, unfortunately, by dint of faring sumptuously every day on the *obèse cure* principle, arrived at the obese Smithfield condition, it is worth while to inquire further what is to become of him.

The treatment of corpulence has probably been considered by physicians ever since the three books on diet were indited by Hippocrates, but of course modern chemistry has invested the subject with a much more scientific character than it possessed when that authority commented upon the very slight attention bestowed upon hygienic matters by contemporary physicians. In other days, discrimination was not made between increase of size from mere obesity and the same result associated with plethora proper—preternatural fullness of the blood-vessels, or increase of the cellular tissues of the frame, such as follows over-feeding with the nitrogenous kinds of food. It is true that the two often co-exist, and that, by following the obvious advice to anticipate or remove increase of bulk by low diet and eating less in quantity,

without reference to the species of food consumed, both of these conditions may be alleviated. But the direct relation between corpulence and the use of non-nitrogenous food was unthought of, and the good effected by the inhibition of actual fatty substances, as oil, fat, butter, &c., and of fermented liquids, such as beer (that judicious and pleasant compound of saccharine with alcoholic and other ingredients), was obtained empirically. In most of the old systems of dietary, particular care was taken to diminish the amount of beer, porter, &c.; and in many of the recorded instances of polysercia, trouble is taken to show that no attention was paid to decreasing the farinaceous and saccharine elements (vegetable diet). Even in modern times this was so, and we are informed by Sir George Baker, in the *Medical Transactions* of the Royal College of Physicians, of an Essex miller of enormous size, who, after reading the well-known story of the Venetian nobleman Cornaro, reduced himself ten or eleven stones in weight by leaving off malt liquor, ceasing to eat animal food, and finally by living upon nothing but sea-biscuit-pudding. In this manner he became, as he said, "metamorphosed from a monster to a person of moderate size, from the condition of an unhealthy, decrepid old man, to perfect health, and the vigour and activity of youth." Again, we are told of a baker near Smithfield, who weighed upwards of thirty-four stones, and was so bulky that he could not move out of his chair for many years. He was in the habit of eating five pounds of mutton at a time, and "proportionally of other things, with a gallon of beer." For one entire twelvemonth he persisted in taking nothing but water-gruel and brown bread, by which means he lost nearly two hundred pounds of his weight. Another sufferer is quoted, of almost equal bulk, who was daily in the habit of devouring eighteen pounds of beef. Dr. Cheyne, again, a well-known physician in London in the last century, who weighed thirty-two stones, reduced himself to about twenty stones by "low diet," and lived afterwards in good health to seventy-two years of age. Another man became too unwieldy to walk about, by dint of drinking strong ale; and another in Hertfordshire, who weighed twenty-six stones, lived almost entirely on "fat meats" and large quantities of ale. And we are told by Colley Cibber of a poor half-starved actor—having, as Shakspeare says, "a consumption of the purse"—who acted the thin apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* so well that his salary was increased, by which reason he, being able to live more luxuriously, very rapidly incapacitated himself for his *rôle*, and had to be discharged, being unfit for any other part. Lastly, we may mention the case of a barrister who found that "three pints of milk, added to his daily allowance of meat and vegetables, increased his weight two ounces a day. This happened with the same quantity of ale." Lord Byron was so afraid of becoming corpulent that he was wont at one time to live for several days upon a glass of brandy and water, and a few biscuits. It may here also be noted that, in almost all the various modes of training, whether for boating, running, or the ring—some of which, by the way, are most ridiculous, and not only futile but injurious—the reduction of fermented liquids and materials containing much fat is enjoined. The above illustrations will suffice to show that corpulence in man may be reduced by curtailing the general amount of food taken, fat and fermented fluids being especially restricted; and this experience as respects the human race is supplemented by that of the farmer, who well knows how to increase the milk of his kine by giving them malt-refuse or potatoes as food, and to multiply his firkins of butter by allowing the cattle rest, which involves diminished respiration.

In addition to dietary regulations, we must also not forget that ease of mind—that "voluntary debility" which, according to Johnson, "the world is contented to term indolence"—and indulgence in sleep are well known to be favourable to the development of fatty stores in the body. This is exemplified by the adage, "laugh and grow fat," and by the advice of the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe for the prevention of corpulence, "to keep the mouth shut and the eyes open"; whilst, again, athletic exercises and gymnastics or manual labour are inimical to fatness, not only by enforcing freer respiration, but also by promoting evaporation from the surface, and the carrying off of water and other results of the decomposition of fatty materials. And here we must take occasion to refer with approbation to the more frequent use of gymnastics in our public schools and universities, and to express a wish that these exercises were more extensively resorted to in our large cities, as was the case in the ancient world, and even in our own country before the time of Stow, who laments the retrenchment of our grounds for pastime.

All these considerations the physician of the present day, inspired by modern chemistry, bears fully in mind in his treatment of obesity. Into details we do not venture. We merely indicate general principles, and are unwilling to instigate any person to be his own medical adviser on the subject of corpulence as on any other, remembering that "he who doctors himself has a fool for his patient," and being aware that a rigid examination into habits, modes of life, general character of constitution, family tendencies, freedom from disease, &c., is, in all treatment of such cases, most necessary. It must be borne in mind that the tendency to obesity is frequently congenital or hereditary; and it is then more difficult of counteraction. Let it suffice to observe that what Mr. Banting has been advised to practise, and what he states to have been of so much benefit to him as to be "simply miraculous"—ridging him of forty-six pounds in one year, and removing a long series of evils, such as heartburn, acidity, and others of a graver nature—is quite in accordance with

the results of modern science, and with the maxims and the practice of the faculty. We think he was well advised not to trust too much to drugs, in spite of the antique suggestions as to vomits, drastic purgatives, and the more recent uses of iodine, Castile soap, potash, &c.—remedies which, in certain cases, may doubtless be advisable and requisite. We are very much inclined to conjecture, from the revelations made by Mr. Banting, that his particular case was also one in which dyspepsia played its part, and that the guidance as to diet was beneficial, in some respects at least, owing to the removal of such an affection.

We have ourselves seen instances in which this mis-called "new system" has been tried, and in which the prescribed diminution of bread has proved intolerable, giving rise to uneasiness and pains about the stomach; and we have been otherwise led to think that the digestive processes have, so to say, felt the want of certain products of decomposition, or fermentation of starchy substances, milk, and the like. This might possibly be much obviated if the bread eaten were not of the finest flour, but had a goodly proportion of the coarser parts of the wheat—parts which contain the vegetable gluten, and a not inconsiderable amount of nitrogenous elements. It is not unlikely that a man in Mr. Banting's position would have nothing on his table but the finest bread, possibly made from the "farine de Gruaux," and the "best household," that which contains the minimum of nitrogenous ingredients. This is a point which ought to be considered clearly by those trying to check obesity. Again, it must be borne in mind that, whilst vegetable food is necessary, not only as contributing certain saline components to the blood, and thus preventing scorbutic tendencies, but also as furnishing, by means of its indigestible constituents, a medium by which certain fluids are carried down from the stomach into the lower parts of the digestive organs, it is also necessary as producing distension and mechanical irritation of the bowels, so requisite for their due action. Finally, it must be remembered that most people carrying out the Banting system will sooner or later repent if they live too much on "meat" diet. We need not go into details, but, remembering that such diet, if indulged in to excess, contains the seeds of numerous ills, we have only to say—"Cave! cave!"

#### ARMOUR AND GUNS.

THE Iron-plate Committee has, it seems, come to the end of its labours; and if a demonstration of the insufficiency of all possible armour can be called a success, it deserves the heartiest congratulations. It is not quite clear whether a victory of guns or of armour would be most for the advantage of this country; but, at any rate, it is the highest praise to a Committee of investigation to have ascertained the truth, and at the same time to have enforced, by the severity of its tests, an improvement in an almost new manufacture, far beyond anything that could reasonably have been hoped for. When the experiments began, the old 68-pounder more than maintained its reputation, and, in fact, established itself as the most effective gun in the service against iron-plates. It is true that it seldom penetrated a *Warrior*-target completely with a single shot, but half a dozen blows were almost certain to crack and shatter the best armour-plates to pieces. Now the effect of any number of shots from the same gun is invariably to make as many dints about two inches deep, and that is all. A still more striking evidence of progress is to be found in the performance of the Whitworth 70-pounder after an interval of a few years. A steel bolt from this gun once went through and through the cupola mounted on the *Trusty*, while, in the recent competition at Shoeburyness, a gun of the same description is almost powerless against a similar target. The difference represents the advance which our manufacturers have made in the art of rolling huge masses of iron, and it is difficult to imagine much further improvement in this direction. The last target that was tried was pierced through and through with steel shot of 150 and 250 lbs. weight until it was riddled like a sieve, but not a crack or a rent of a serious kind could be found over the whole surface of the plates. The armour is fairly beaten, not from its own weakness, but from the irresistible force of the projectiles hurled against it. Any additional increase of strength must be gained by adding to the thickness and the weight of the protecting armour, for it is scarcely to be hoped that metal of greater consistency and resisting power can ever be produced than that which three or four of our best firms are daily turning out. So far, therefore, as the production of first-rate plates is concerned, the Committee are well entitled to say that they have done their work; but we are not quite so sure that we have reached the confines of possible knowledge in the construction of the composite targets of iron-plates and wooden backing with various forms of which our different ships are coated. Some distinct principles have certainly been demonstrated by the Committee. One is, that the wooden backing cannot be advantageously supplanted by an equivalent weight of iron. Another is, that a given quantity of iron is more effective when concentrated in a single plate than when distributed through a succession of thinner laminae, after the American fashion. The target which was built on the pattern of the *Monitor* crumbled to pieces under a fire which would have left a comparatively light single plate almost uninjured. A third conclusion—obvious enough in itself—is that the inner lining of all should be of iron rather than wood, so as to obviate the dangers arising from splinters if a ship's side should chance to be pene-

trated. And lastly, a distinct gain of strength in proportion to weight is known to be obtained by supporting the target by a sort of iron webbing, after the plan introduced by Mr. Chalmers, and copied with some variations in the *Bellerophon* plating. It might be thought that, with these guiding principles established, it would be impossible to make a mistake in designing a ship's armour; but the example of the *Lord Warden*, one of the latest specimens, shows that our practice has scarcely kept pace with the results of experiment, and it cannot yet be said that the precise arrangement by which the maximum resisting power can be got out of a given weight of iron and wood has been ascertained. The very last trials of all, at an imitation of a French target, seemed to prove that we have all along been behind our neighbours in the methods employed for affixing the plates to a ship. If a single experiment may be trusted, the French screws will hold on much longer than the bolts employed in all our armoured ships; and further investigation is still required to devise a method by which the iron skin of a ship may be so worked into her structure as to add to her strength, instead of being, as it now is, merely an external load, contributing nothing to the stability of the whole. Strictly speaking, perhaps, a Committee for the examination of iron plates is no longer needed, but an Armour-Committee is as much as ever required to bring to perfection the art of applying the protection of iron to the sides of ships and forts. It is with some regret, therefore, that we learn that a body so efficient as the Iron-plate Committee has been dissolved; and we only hope that the officials, whoever they may be, on whom their duties will devolve, may show half the judgment, sagacity, and care which have marked all the experiments of the Committee.

While the representatives of the art of defence retire beaten from the field by the still more rapid progress made in the art of attack, it is easy to see that this result is in no way due to the superior skill of the Ordnance Committee. For the most part, their experiments have been wanting in the scientific character of those which we have been considering. Guns of every kind have been tried in a desultory fashion. Experiments which ought to have been crucial have been frequently vitiated by variations in circumstances which should have been kept unchanged for the purpose of testing one particular gun or projectile against another. The wonderful effects of steel shot were clearly brought out several years ago by Mr. Whitworth; but the shot happened to be flat-headed, and we are afraid to say how long a time the Ordnance Committee allowed to pass before they instituted trials for the purpose of discriminating between the effects of form and material in the construction of shot. At length it is ascertained that the magic lies in the use of steel, and not in the shape of the bolt; but so slowly has this discovery been arrived at that, until the present year, it remained a mystery to the Ordnance Committee, and even at this moment there is not a ship in the navy supplied with shot or shell of the only kind which can be of the slightest use against modern ships or forts. The same inconsequent method of experimenting may be traced in everything which the Ordnance Committee have done. They fire away tons of powder without gaining more knowledge than might be obtained by a judicious use of as many hundred-weights. The greatest of all the problems before them was to ascertain whether a gun could be built capable of destroying a plated ship at almost any range which the shot could cover. Sir W. Armstrong gave them his 600-pounder to try, and it was not until the gun was nearly two years old that a series of trials was commenced to determine whether it could be relied upon for continuous service. Upon the whole, the result at length arrived at seems to be satisfactory. After 150 rounds the gun is said to have suffered little injury, and its powers of penetration have been amply proved at moderate ranges, both with full and reduced charges, and may almost be taken for granted at the utmost distance at which it would be necessary to attack an enemy's ship attempting to make its way into the anchorage of Spithead. With a supply of guns of this enormous power and strength, the projected forts may be trusted to make Portsmouth safe against the possibility of injury; but as yet neither the forts nor the guns exist, and part of the delay must be attributed to the Ordnance Committee.

In a not less essential branch of their inquiries the like want of promptitude and system may be detected. At one time they seem almost to have acquiesced in the conclusion that the old 68-pounder was the *ne plus ultra* of naval artillery, and this when even the imperfect Armstrongs then manufactured were capable of piercing iron plates, if only the Committee had chosen to fire them with steel shot and shell. The six-ton and twelve-ton guns which have been more recently proved to be extremely efficient are not, we believe, traceable to any suggestions of the Committee, and though we are now evidently getting more nearly upon the right track, there is no reason why a body of men with guns and gunpowder, cast-iron and steel, *ad libitum*, should have taken so many years to arrive at the point which they have now reached. A very important inquiry still remains almost untouched. Whether the best mode of building very large guns is to construct them wholly of coiled iron or to line them with a tube of steel, seems to be regarded by Sir W. Armstrong as a matter of some doubt, and there are other artillerymen who maintain that homogeneous steel throughout is the only safe material for heavy ordnance. The huge 600-pounder, the only first-class gun belonging to the



Government, though far from being the only one in the world, is reported to show some slight signs of yielding in the lines of junction of the inner coils. Whether this could be obviated by a steel lining without causing still greater risk of a parting between the steel and the surrounding coils is one of the most important enquiries to which the Committee could direct their attention; but we hear nothing of comparative trials to test the two methods of construction, and it would appear that the Government mean to be satisfied with the possession of a single gun suitable for use on a first-class coast fortification.

It is probably to the Admiralty, and not to the Ordnance Committee, that we must ascribe the neglect of all attempts to solve the question of the training of heavy broadside guns. For some arbitrary reason, six tons was assumed to be the limiting weight of a broadside gun, and probably it must be so while handspikes are the most refined invention for moving the gun which the Admiralty chooses to recognise. But something more than this must be done if the advocates of broadside armaments are to hold their own against the success of the cupola system by which Captain Coles finds it easy to work a twelve-ton gun. It is said that Mr. Reed is at length trying to fulfil his promise of working out of broadside ports guns as heavy as any that can be used in a turret. There is no reason why such attempts should not succeed, and there are abundant reasons why they should not have been so long postponed. The two great naval desiderata now are—a more stable method of affixing armour plates, and an effective contrivance for working heavy guns. Their extreme importance is perhaps the reason why they have been so long neglected.

#### THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE AT WARWICK.

THE late meeting of the Archæological Institute at Warwick—Dugdale's own county town—was a worthy counterpart of the very successful one which came off at Rochester last year. The President, indeed, was not, like his Kentish predecessor, himself a working student of archæology. Neither was there any such great question of local interest to be discussed as Cæsar's landing, which Dr. Guest handled with such ability in 1863, when he proved that, in direct spite to the archæologist, the sea had become dry land and the dry land sea since mightiest Julius landed in Kent; and when *ferum victorem cepit* by drawing over Louis Napoleon's own private secretary to be told by a Cambridge don that Napoleon's intended British expedition from Boulogne had not, *ex post facto*, made Julius Cæsar start from the same place. The worst difference of all was that ill-health detained from this, the twentieth meeting, Mr. Albert Way, founder and worker in chief of the Institute, who never before had made default. But everything which geniality and good sense could contribute towards making an excellent President was found in Lord Leigh. Professor Willis was equal to himself at Lichfield. Dr. Hook's "Life of Archbishop Stratford," though somewhat long, was the reverse of tedious. Mr. Green's investigation into the circumstances of that somewhat obscure but very important episode of the Barons' war, the siege of Kenilworth Castle, gave general gratification to all who attended the evening sittings. The weather was delicious, Mr. Hill's traffic arrangements were faultless, and the visit to Stratford-upon-Avon steered clear of Tercentenarianism. The fact that things could go on as they did without Mr. Way was a proof that Mr. Way's good drilling had turned out a crack regiment. How favourable the impression was that the wandering sightseers made upon the rustic mind of Warwickshire was evident from the statement volunteered by an inhabitant of Kenilworth, on the morning of the excursion there, that the Archangels were coming that day. To be sure, the well-dressed ladies and gentlemen who appeared among them wore something of an angelic aspect in contrast with the troops of swarthy excursionists—counterparts of the ruffians so deservedly mauled at Llangollen—who are apt to be disgorged at the Kenilworth station from the "Black Country." It may be unusual to complain of over liberality on the part of any proprietor, but it was the general opinion of all who were present at Kenilworth that it would be far better if Lord Clarendon, instead of throwing the ruins open to indiscriminate mobs, were to charge a small fee—say sixpence—and to devote the proceeds to arresting that destruction which man and neglect are now in partnership to accomplish. Perhaps the excursion to Lichfield was the most erratic of the week's proceedings, but the temptations offered by the Midland railroad were too strong to be resisted; besides, the old episcopal connexion of Lichfield and Coventry, so summarily severed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, pleaded for it. Still, there is no doubt that the arrangement used up available ground, and has postponed almost indefinitely the possibility of a Staffordshire meeting of the Congress, including, it may be, whatever of antiquities Derbyshire has to offer. However, Professor Willis was caught—which was, after all, the principal matter—and the cathedral was inspected before the first bloom of its restoration had faded away.

At Warwick and at Kenilworth Mr. Hartshorne discoursed, with his usual talent, on the architecture of those famous fortresses; but we fear the extreme beauty of the weather made many an archæologist who ought to have been thinking of curtains and barbicans seek the shade of the Warwick cedars, as soon as they had satisfied themselves with Mr. Scharf's very lucid peripatetic lecture on the treasury of pictures which fills the habitable portion of the castle.

At Coventry, the Institute was ceremoniously received by the

mayor in the fifteenth-century Guildhall, and welcomed to a museum which the corporation had, in a spirit of very commendable independence, brought together, with some private assistance, out of its own very rich store of civic muniments which has by good fortune or good care been handed down intact from the middle ages. It is not for us to describe the civil and ecclesiastical monuments of that remarkable city—the men of Coventry are very particular not to be thought to inhabit a town. Only we must observe that the fourteenth-century cloister and dormitory of the Greyfriars' Convent (now a workhouse) stand preeminent as representing a class of building of which reformation, fire, and improvement have left few traces in our old English towns—the secular buildings of conventual establishments which were neither cathedral bodies nor first-class Benedictine abbeys. Mr. Bloxham, the living county antiquary in ordinary, took, we must say, a mean advantage of the Institute having been sent to Coventry, by elaborately proving that there was no evidence that Lady Godiva had ever been seen on horseback without her riding-habit. As the art of instantaneous photography had not been discovered in the Confessor's day, we are sorry to say that the counsel for the lady had to enter a nonsuit, and rest content with annihilating Guy Earl of Warwick and the dun cow. Mr. Green, indeed, tried to show that Guy was no other than Leofric; and Godiva—of whose existence, though not of her dress, there is no doubt—we conclude must have been the fair Phillis; but we fear that the general conviction was that Guy of Warwick was not proven. In spite of the amicable competition of Coventry, the Institute's own special museum, managed by Mr. Tucker, left nothing to be desired.

The question of "our next merry meeting," which always engages the latest thoughts of the Congress, assumed an exceptional importance this time from the suggestion which was thrown out—somewhat late in the meeting it must be owned, and in a rather extemporaneous way—that, now that the Institute was twenty years old, it might celebrate its majority by acting host instead of guest, and summoning its country friends to a grand archæological jubilation in London, with Westminster, St. Alban's, and Windsor served up as the *pices de résistance* of the feast. The proposal met with as much success as it deserved, started as it was at the eleventh hour, while a plausible reason for its postponement was found in the acute remark of a distinguished legal archæologist, that the Institute ought to wait till it was really of age before it took the step of asking its own company. Apart from London and from Dublin, which the Institute suddenly felt bound to visit some day, under pain of being taxed with falsely adding Ireland to its style, the two competitors for its favours in 1865 were Hull and Dorchester. The former town is a peculiarly rich centre of ecclesiastical architecture, offering as it does easy means of visiting its own huge town church, the ministers of Beverley, Howden, Selby, and Bridlington—all of them still complete, or nearly so—the first-class parish churches of St. Mary's at Beverley, Hedon, Patrington, and Louth, and the Saxon church of Barton-on-Humber, the last two lying over the river in Lincolnshire. But, in proportion as the ecclesiology of the East Riding is more than usually noble, the remains of castellated architecture are few. Nothing, indeed, can be thought of in that way except a somewhat long excursion to Scarborough; while that worthy and uncomplaining race whose crest is a spade and whose passion is to trace earthworks would, as at most of the recent meetings of the Congress, find but little vent for their refined and innocent tastes. But, worst of all, Hull itself stands cold and uninviting till Hull's Town-hall shall have been completed. At Dorchester, on the other hand, all is *couleur de rose*. The warmth of the county's invitation to the Institute was only tempered by a little reproach at its having so long delayed its coming. There were earthworks and a genuine Roman amphitheatre for the navy school archæologists, Corfe Castle for Mr. Hartshorne, and Sherborne, Wimborne, Christchurch, and Milton Abbas ministers for the church-hunters; with Weymouth to furnish lodgings, and Lord Ilchester, a working antiquarian as well as peer, for President.

At the same time, a resolution was carried instructing the Council to see whether the meeting of the no longer infant Institute for 1866 might not be held in London or at Windsor. Windsor, in either case, would of course stand prominent; but a meeting in the town itself would also involve an examination of the rural archæology of Bucks and Berks. If London, on the other hand, were fixed on for the place of meeting, Windsor would take its political rather than its topographical place in the week's proceedings, not merely as Windsor in Berkshire, but as that "Residence" which, in all old-established monarchies, must exist in proximity to, and in connexion with, the capital. The Abbey and Palace of Westminster and the Tower of London could then be joined to Windsor in the week's investigation, and the trilogy would form the most remarkable monument of the mediæval history of a still existing monarchy which Europe can show. Vincennes may be reckoned as the French equivalent of the Tower, though of so much later date, and St. Denis of Westminster; but, for Windsor, there is only the seventeenth-century Versailles. Germany can produce the Dom at Aix-la-Chapelle, but the mediæval residences of the Kaisers have perished utterly. Our preferences accordingly lie in favour of London, provided, that is, each building is really worked and not merely visited. It is no secret that a complete archæological study of Windsor was a favourite wish of the Prince Consort, and that considerable

progress had been made in its accomplishment. Might not this meeting of the Congress form a worthy opportunity for completing the undertaking? The archaeology of the Tower has yet to be written; while the studies of Mr. Scott and Mr. Burges on Westminster Abbey and Chapter House can bear repetition and extension. Mr. Edward Barry has charge of the Palace of Westminster, and Dean Stanley's power of vivid historical picture-painting would surely not be wanting on such an occasion. There is another historical monument in the neighbourhood of London, of first-class interest, which the Institute has been long pledged to take up—St. Alban's Abbey. This great church might form the object of an excursion from London during the Congress week, or it might be handled at a supplementary meeting some time next year. Either plan has its merits. Perhaps to throw in St. Alban's would be to make the London meeting almost too rich. But, on the other hand, to take it on a by-day would be to confine the visitors mainly to London members, and deprive the country folk who would come up to the regular London Congress of their opportunity of seeing it to the best advantage. One thing is, however, indispensable, and on that one thing the decision must rest; the visit to St. Alban's must take place whenever Professor Willis is best able to explain the architectural history of the Abbey. This history is one of more than usual interest, importance, and complexity, and Professor Willis is known to have devoted more than usual attention to its development; and now he is waiting, and only waiting, for the Institute to slip his collar.

In opposition to the idea of a London meeting we have only heard it urged that the Social Science Association found themselves by no means such great people, when they met in London, as they had anticipated. But archaeology is not, and does not wish to be, mistaken for social science. It never believed itself created to rule the age. It never expected the bustle of the world to stand still when it swept by. If it succeeds at each of its gatherings in bringing together a sufficient number of persons interested and eminent in its own peculiar studies, and if it then contents the meeting which it has itself convoked, it is perfectly satisfied without having made a national sensation. Such a measure of success, but on a larger scale than usual, we think the Archaeological Institute can make sure of if it will meet in London in 1866, and if it will spend the two intervening years in quiet preparation. If so, there is no doubt that the meeting will be alike creditable to the county which organizes it and useful to the cause of archaeological science.

## REVIEWS.

### ECLOGUES AND MONODRAMAS.\*

MR. WILLIAM LANCASTER, in a prefatory note to the volume before us, utters a strong protest against the terms "great pretension" as applied to it, and to his former work, *Præterita*. Of the last-named poems, the *Saturday Review* had said that they were "a collection of great merit with greater pretension," and these words Mr. Lancaster is pleased to designate as "adverse criticism." His verses, he maintains, are not poems, but merely rhythmical exercises; and he speaks with withering, though suppressed, scorn of those who dare impute to them a more ambitious title. The distinction, as applied to Mr. Lancaster's productions, is one about which the world at large will probably not trouble itself excessively; yet it may not be amiss, before going into the merits and (pace Mr. Lancaster) pretensions of *Eclogues and Monodramas*, to inquire how far the plea of unpretentiousness is admissible generally, and what is likely to follow if it is accepted. It seems to us that such a disclaimer is calculated to stultify honest criticism, whilst it offers no impediment to any amount of indiscriminating praise. Disclaim pretension for your book, and you in effect deprecate for it damaging criticism, whilst you say to all who are goodnatured and weak enough to heed you, "There is no reason why you should not pat this offspring of mine on the back, and say all manner of pretty things about it." If a reviewer attacks it, the ready answer will be, "I never pretended that it was good for much." If another discovers beauty in it, the poet whispers to himself and his admirers, "If I can do so much *stans pede in uno*, what might I not achieve if I set about the task in earnest?" Hence the cry of "no pretension" gives an author an unfair advantage over the frankness of the old-fashioned avowal that a man has done his best, and is prepared to stand or fall by it. And it is a bad compliment, moreover, to the reading public, which has a right to complain if, as husks before swine, poems of no pretension, exertations for the sake of practice or amusement, are carelessly flung before it. We have no patience with the *nil admirari* principle of those who disdain to rise to the proper heat of wholesome effort, but think to compass reputation without risk, and to win the ivy-wreath without openly entering the lists. This was not wont to be the course of those who sought the meed of poetry. To aim high, was the honest old-fashioned way. But to quote Mr. Lancaster himself—

The times are changed; the hero's stuff is done.  
I do not think there will be any more.

But, if we narrow the general question to Mr. Lancaster and

\* *Eclogues and Monodramas; or, a Collection of Verses.* By William Lancaster. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1864.

his productions, there seems room for doubt whether he is a competent judge of what pretension is. He may possibly be insensible to its presence in his compositions, and it may not the less be their characteristic feature. Just as one writer *ludentis speciem dabit et torquabitur*, so, on the other hand, the author of *Præterita* may write in his easy chair, and not find it necessary to take a purpose-journey to the clouds, though his verses, when they come forth, betoken a strong fancy for the grand style, and his language is redolent of unmistakable ambition. It is impossible that any unprejudiced person should read what we take to be the Monodramas in the volume before us—e. g. the "King's Monologue," the "Nymph's Protest," "Ariadne," "Rosamond," and the rest of this class—and not set down their author as one who had rounded and polished and elaborated his rhythm and diction to the utmost. Whether he has done this of set purpose, or whether he is subject to the amiable weakness of mistaking the fruit of labour for unforced genius, we cannot say; but we defy any one to maintain that his present volume lacks signs and tokens of pretension. What else can be said of these lines from the "Nymph's Protest"?—

But a disdainful At-vengeance came,  
And floated like a dream about his halls,  
On to the amber tables and the rest  
Of that Elysian feasting; but they sat  
And shuddered by their wine with joyless eyes,  
Above the cloud-rack in the belted rose  
And orange-vapours, loathing food divine.

Here the best parts (as was the case with some passages in *Præterita* also) have an undeniable smack of Keats; and the somewhat misty construction of the latter portion savours very much of what the author so fervently disclaims—an ambition which oversteps itself. Or, again, is there no ambition in the "Lament for Adonis," which, however, we are bound to say, is for the most part classical and Bion-like?—

Nature is greater than the grief of gods,  
And Pan prevails while dynasties in heaven  
Rule out their little sons, and resign  
The thunder and the throne to younger hands.

So, too, in "Rosamond," a monodrama well chosen and conceived, though not, as it strikes us, very artistically concluded, there are passages—such as that which describes the Queen's imperfect command of her countenance when the charnel-tankard is brought to her—which, if we are to suppose them mere off-hand descriptions, aspiring to no praise of high effort, must be reckoned as the composition of a writer who is always on stilts, though he knows it not. So, it is said, dwellers by Niagara's torrent are, through long use, stone-deaf to its roar.

But a large portion of the present volume is devoted to "Eclogues"; and the name leads us, not in vain, to look for specimens of the modern pastoral. Here, at least, we shall cease to be at issue with Mr. Lancaster. He must have chosen this style to prove that his verse is unpretentious. For pretension has neither part nor lot in a species of poetry for which Theocritus, Virgil, Spenser, and Pope have severally furnished models, in various degrees characterized by unassuming simplicity. There is no class of composition so attractive, yet none so unambitious, as this, from the very nature of its subject. Its very art and difficulty consists in reducing words and thoughts to harmony with the subject-matter—rural life, and pictures from nature. In the words of Theocritus—(Chapman's version, *Idyl 8*):—

Pastures, and spring, and milkful udders swelling,  
And fitness for the lambs is everywhere.

Pope, who could command such rolling words and such high-sounding couplets when he was employed upon the *Iliad*, was not too young, when engaged at his Pastorals, to recognise the fitness of shaping his shepherds' talk to their rural scenes and occupation. But how stands the case with Mr. Lancaster? He seems to have pretension clinging tight to him, like the old man of the sea to Sindbad's back, when he introduces his James and William, a modern Tityrus and Melibeus, talking above their station, and betraying an amount of education which would have made them far too fine to lean over the hedge-rows for an hour's gossip. Fancy a rustic talking of

From zero to the dog-day weather-point.

Fancy him, however natural his antipathy to "that petty-tyrant of his fields," the agent, giving vent to it in sneers at his desire that he should

Prune to faultless parallelogram  
The wilderness of may-bloom and its nests.

How would it gladden the hearts of promoters of scientific education for the agriculturist, if they could verily believe, as Mr. Lancaster does, that cottage-farmers, we will not say appreciate, but spell such hard words as

Gases and phosphate base  
And lime and silicon.

And yet it strikes us that, even if we could educate the small farmers or bettermost labourers up to our poet's apparent standard, it might still be a question whether the eclogue or the pastoral is the fitting place for displaying the results of their knowledge. We are driven to revert to our opening remarks, and to suggest that, whatever may be the case with his poems, Mr. Lancaster's rustics, James and William, can hardly plead "not guilty" to very considerable "pretension." Of the same type of eclogue, pastoral, or idyl, we take "James and Mary" to be meant as a sample; and



though in the main the language of this piece is in better keeping with its homely subject, yet we cannot read such lines as—

Till she had made  
The mote indulgence bulge a beam of wrong—

without suspecting even here a thirst after singularity and eccentricity of expression, in place of contentedness with nature's own language, which will generally be found to be the language of the truest poetry. What village Mary ever received a verbal answer from her "James"—in reply to her suggestion that he had better do one thing or the other, marry her, or have done with a tedious courtship—in such phrase as this?—

But thy words,  
Children of wisdom, wisely have imposed  
Some rein of caution on the sudden heart,  
That rushes blindly to its end, with guide,  
Save heated fancy, none.

It is true that this "James" is represented as one "who rode his hunters, kept his park of deer," and as he did this, though "half-squire, half-farmer," must have been a somewhat *rara avis*. But even so, sporting men commonly talk as such; and we suspect Goldsmith or Crabbe would have put more appropriate language into the mouth of this young Centaur. Another poem, "The Mother's Advice to her Son," is in better keeping; though the moral of it—namely, "Don't marry a village-attorney's daughter, however pretty, loving, and amiable she may be"—is a trifle worldly and unpoetical. We imagine that the maxims which the poor gentleman's widow lays down make their first appearance in verse in this volume. And we should say that the good lady had a touch of pretension about her, if indeed she was not "a Belgravian Mother" on a small scale.

It would be unjust, however, to the author to point out only flaws, of more or less consequence, and to leave it to be supposed that there are not merits in his present volume, as there were also in his earlier work. He has in him, undoubtedly, some gifts that go to the making of a poet. He has, for instance, a classical taste, and a reverence for ancient models, and on these he has plainly bestowed much study. One cannot help admiring the manner in which he has treated the "Lament for Adonis," blending things old and new in a graceful and melodious fashion. We have already noticed one passage from that piece, which savoured of a straining for effect. We give, as a makeweight, a few lines to which no exception can be taken, and which possess much beauty and natural pathos:—

Queen, possess thy power;  
Raise him beyond the region of the sun;  
There cherish back the heavy eyes to blend  
With that full morning of the ageless gods.  
Watch him to life in bloomy asphodel;  
Dissolve thy soul on his reviving lips.

Just before these verses there occurs a manifestly classical idiom, where it is said that it should have been "the meed of immortality," such as Venus had—

To wear her stately love secure and fair  
Of rainy eyes;

and though such usages require judgment, we hail this and many similar in Mr. Lancaster's volume as being happy and in good taste.

Where he essays description, moreover, and does not fly too high, he is in many places graphic and picturesque. Thus, in his "Ariadne," occurs a passage which we transcribe for the vividness of the picture it presents:—

There is a cliff that wrestles like a god  
Alone in waters, for the waves have rent  
His brothers down behind him, and alone,  
Cinctured with mutinous discord evermore,  
He feels the teeth of everlasting surge  
Eat out by inch his earth-roots till he fall.  
Even such a weary purpose is my life,  
Opposing isolation, tho' it knows  
An hourly gaining sentence at its core.

Other extracts would equally show that Mr. Lancaster can write well when he descends from his stilts, and is in the humour to be natural. He labours under the error of mistaking involved expressions for proofs of fancy; and, besides this, he is too fond of echoing Keats and Tennyson, when he might more wisely trust his own muse. We are not sanguine as to his reception of any counsel we may tender, but we cannot help advising him to follow even further and deeper his already extensive and deep study of the Greek and Latin poets, unlearning mannerisms contracted from modern styles, and moulding his turns of expression and thought after the correct models of antiquity. If he will do this, and cease to be touchy when ambition or pretension is imputed to his productions, he may reasonably hope to stand high in the second rank of present English poets, after presenting the world with a more mature and enduring proof of his powers than either *Præterita* or *Elogues and Monodramas*. But it is absurd to feel or affect shyness of being thought to have done his best. If he has not, he ought to have done so. To do otherwise is an ill compliment to his readers. And, in parting, we cannot help adding, that if he has any desire to be thought an easy prose-writer (as he certainly desires to be thought at ease in English verse), he must construct prefatory sentences in future with greater skill and care and lucidity than that which has drawn forth our remarks on his prefatory note, and which we trust is merely an uncorrected exercise in style and grammar. It runs thus:—"Such an explanation is necessary by an entire

misconception of a previous volume of his by a writer in the *Saturday Review*." Shade of Cobbett or of Lindley Murray, help us to unravel this!

#### LA RELIGIEUSE.\*

THE author of *Le Maudit* has tried the dangerous experiment of continuing a successful book, and although the continuation is not without merit, it is open to the reproach that may be urged against most continuations, and seems to weaken the force and interest of its predecessor without adding much of its own that is new or valuable. But the writer evidently writes because he has thoroughly at heart the subject of which he treats. He longs to beat down the Ultramontanes, and to build up a purer and a simpler form of Catholicism than is known in France. His success has shown him that a novel is not a bad means of effecting his object. *Le Maudit* secured him a hearing, and the virulence with which the Ultramontanes attacked it showed that they were hurt by it and afraid of it. Wishing to hit them again, and if possible to hit them harder, he issues a second novel, and saves himself a world of trouble by borrowing most of his characters from his old one. *Thérèse*—whom the readers of *Le Maudit* may possibly remember as a novice fortunate enough to console the last hours of Julio, and once the adored of Loubaire, Julio's friend—sets herself, in the new tale, to continue Julio's mission. But she cannot bring herself to break with her religious profession. Although still only a novice, she will not abandon too hastily the idea of being a nun. So she tries two other convents besides the one where the story finds her at its opening. She ultimately decides on quitting conventual life altogether; and on her way to Paris, where she is to meet Loubaire, she falls in with a young lady who has been educated in a convent, and who has all the faults of which the author considers a conventual education to be the parent. Thus there are, in all, four specimens of conventual life given, and the object of the author is to show that each is bad. After *Thérèse* arrives in Paris, the second part of the book begins. The author ventures to show what is the ideal at which he is aiming. He gives a sketch of a proposed new Church which appears to be exactly like ordinary Protestantism, only that there is to be no separation from Rome; and, as an indispensable preliminary to the realization of this idea, a change in the education of women is to be introduced. They are not to be under the teaching of priests and nuns in convents, but are to be reared in expectation of taking a part in the duties of practical life, and are to be fitted to be wives and mothers. The mode in which the author sets this on foot in his novel is to give *Thérèse* a large fortune on the death of her father, and to send her over France establishing what he terms *institutrices libres*, or model family governesses. Having thus effected his double object—having exposed the shortcomings of the conventual system, and suggested a better system and a new Church—he brings his story to a sort of conclusion by having Loubaire assassinated.

So long as the author is merely finding fault, and exposing what is bad in actual things, he is successful enough. His account of convents is a consistent, probable, lively account; by no means, we should imagine, a complete account, or one doing justice either to the better side of religious institutions or to the happiness often found in them, but still putting in a forcible and clear way some of the chief objections to them. The principal subjects of blame which he discovers are the false spasmodic veneration which the spiritual chiefs of the convents exact; the eagerness with which gifts and legacies are hunted after, in order that chapels may be decorated and enriched; the petty jealousies, flatteries, heart-burnings, and enmities of the nuns to each other; the sensual character of much of the devotion permitted there, and the state of spiritual exaltation which is, so to speak, the only fashionable state to be in. In point of argument, there is the objection to this, as to all argumentative novels, that the author first makes his nuns and priests, and then abuses and mourns over them. When *Thérèse* goes to a Carmelite convent, she is subjected to a tyrannical confessor, who assures her that unless she is so filled with an exclusive love for him that Loubaire fades entirely out of her memory, she is not worthy to be a Carmelite. When, distrustful of exaggeration like this, she seeks refuge in a convent established simply for charitable and educational purposes, she is tormented by the petty quarrels which the Lady Superior wages incessantly against the nuns she dislikes. When she leaves this last convent and goes to Paris, she meets with a young lady who reads constantly the warm outpourings of sensual devotion known as the Exercises of Ste Gertrude. Thus she always comes at once on the bad side of convents, and this might be considered unfair. It is undoubtedly unfair and inadequate as a representation of conventual establishments generally, for the good points as well as the bad points of a system ought to be represented to make a fair picture. But the faults which the author picks out are faults which do undoubtedly prevail in religious establishments. Human nature forbids us to think that such faults can ever be absent in such places. When it is the business of a spiritual adviser to exercise a great religious influence, he will probably be inclined occasionally to try to exercise a greater influence than properly belongs to him. A number of persons of the same sex condemned to pass their lives together, and debarred from intercourse with the world,

\* *La Religieuse*. Par l'Abbé \*\*\* , auteur du "Maudit." Paris: Librairie Internationale. 1864.

are sure to quarrel among themselves. There is too much of the style of Eloise in some religious publications, and there is much waste of time in convents on trifles and silly acts of what is supposed to be devotion. These faults in convents are real faults, and it may do good to call attention to them. The author always writes in a proper spirit of refinement and reserve. There is, therefore, nothing offensive in his description; and it is a good thing occasionally that the world should be invited to consider seriously whether convents do most harm or good. The author tries to make out that they do most harm; and, although it is difficult to judge impartially on such a matter, it would seem that he has gone some way to making out his point.

The programme of the Church of the Future is set out with great minuteness, and an ex-bishop is created to expound its doctrines in a volume which he publishes with the greatest success, and which draws down on him exactly the same abuse and calumny which *Le Maudit* drew down on its author. It is worth while to read this programme, not because there is any apparent probability of its being realized, but because it undoubtedly represents a view of the religious future of Catholic Europe which is entertained much more widely on the Continent than Englishmen would suppose. More especially in Italy, where there is a complete alienation of the educated classes from the Court of Rome, and from Catholicism as they see it in its present shape; but where there is a deep sense of the political difficulties which the erection of a standard of open rebellion against Rome would involve, language may often be heard which is exactly like that attributed in the novel to Loubaire and his friends. What are called in *La Religieuse* "the rigorous conditions of the new apostolate," are that its adherents should remain externally in the Church, and "belong to its soul, as being the best part of it." They are to accept its worship as it is at present, until it may be found possible to bring it back to the simplicity of primitive times. They are never to break with Rome or the episcopate. This is the main, the all-important point. They are to respect and even to love the princes of the Church, for the immense majority of the priests of the old Church have virtues of their own, and it is from them that the leaders of the new Church must be drawn. There is to be no schism, for schism is a source of isolation and weakness. There is to be no heresy, for the extraordinary reason that *il n'y a plus de possibles; elles ont toutes été faites*. If the new apostolate cannot have a new heresy of its own, it will have none. It is never to dogmatize, never to raise any question of doctrine, but slowly "to prepare new men to such a reasonable comprehension of the evangelical idea as shall render it acceptable to the modern world." Rome is to be allowed to go as far as it likes in its denunciations of the books written in favour of progress and spiritual liberty, and the declarations of the Pope on these works are to be treated as really prompted by a contemptible sect of fanatics. As to the practical task of the new apostolate, its chief function will be to disabuse women. At present they are the victims of a grinding religious tyranny. They are henceforth to conquer the true liberty of the soul, and their rights as the children of God. An appeal is to be made to their generosity and their piety. They are to be told that it is the best men who are the persecuted of modern society, and they are to be entreated to succour these noble and suffering souls. The mothers are to be encouraged to look solely to the family as the centre of hope, modesty, and virtue. The young women are to be taught to expect that, if the world is reformed, they will secure husbands pure as themselves and free from the taint of libertinage. There is evidently in all this, as one of the enthusiastic hearers of Loubaire remarks, a great thought for the future. The world longs for a faith, and a faith it shall have.

The same remark is suggested by this programme of Loubaire's as by all similar schemes of reforming Catholicism. The reformers may wish to reform it and still to stay in it. They may be anxious to avoid stirring up questions of doctrine in which they take no interest, and which simply have no real existence for their minds. They may see the expediency of avoiding scandal, and they may be prudently desirous of retaining on behalf of the new Church all the powerful and complicated machinery of the old. But there are two parties to such a process. There are the reformers, and there are the persons or bodies to be reformed; and there does not appear to be the remotest probability that Catholicism will permit itself to be reformed, or could for a moment remain Catholicism if it voluntarily suffered a change. Catholicism with primitive doctrine, whatever that may mean; with married priests, holding their office, as the author of *La Religieuse* says, exactly as mayors or prefects hold their offices; without its hold on families and women through the confessional; and with a disbelief in modern miracles, apparitions, and legends, would not be Catholicism at all. Such a proposal is like a proposal to amend the English Constitution by doing away with Queen, Lords, and Commons. Directly Rome thought such a movement dangerous, she would take care to proscribe it. If its supporters would not separate from her, she would separate from them. The dream of a Catholicism restored to what modern speculators choose to consider the condition of a primitive Church at some indefinite time in some indefinite country, is evidently not a great thought for the future. But although, as an anticipation of probable events, all this is a pure and obvious delusion, it may give the watchword to a prudent course of temporary policy. It may be very wise for those Continental Catholics who are discontented with Catholicism as it actually exists in such countries

as Italy and France to keep as quiet as they can, and to abstain from the reproach of wishing to found a new and ephemeral sect, the doctrines of which would be liable to ceaseless internal change, and the safety of which would be exposed to ceaseless attacks from without. If Italy and the better part of lay France wish to unite the spirit of modern progress with the spirit of religious faith, it may be very wise for all concerned to go slowly, to ponder their steps carefully, and to wait till they are driven by their adversaries into a position of more open and determined hostility.

#### RAMBLES IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.\*

WHERE is Denver city, what is the best way to it, and why should anybody go there? Mr. O'Connor Morris' book supplies the answers to these questions. The admirable Atlas of the United States published by Messrs. Johnston & Co. in 1857 contains no hint of the existence or whereabouts of such a place; and, indeed, it could hardly have done so consistently with its general accuracy, for in 1857 Denver city did not exist. Since then it has been built, burnt down, and rebuilt of more substantial and safer materials. It held last year some five thousand inhabitants, one or more luxurious hotels, and could supply the wants of the traveller, according to taste, with Mr. Wilkie Collins' last novel, *meringues à la crème*, the interesting spectacle of the *Colleen Bawn*, and gambling *ad libitum*. This year it can probably say a great deal more for itself. It nestles (to adopt Mr. Morris' language) in a snug corner of the upper valley of the Platte river, about twelve level miles distant from the great wall of the Rocky Mountains. The correct address to Denver would appear to be Arapahoe County, Colorado. One of Mr. Morris' English correspondents located Denver in the State of Kansas, while his London bankers placed it in Nova Scotia. As it is the great emporium of the goldfields of Colorado, which, if Mr. Morris was correctly informed, added last year twenty-four millions of dollars' worth in bullion to the national wealth of the United States, the crass ignorance of Britishers upon the subject will soon give way before a fact which cannot be ignored. Our author predicts that Denver will become a fashionable as well as an important place. It is in a picturesque landscape, and within reach of noble scenery. The climate is healthy and exhilarating, although it must be confessed that in summer the thermometer stands above 100° in the shade. Whenever the Pacific railway is completed, Denver will be one of the important central stations, and the point to which a tourist would take his excursion ticket for the Rocky Mountains. Even now it may be reached, without more hurry than becomes an active and intelligent traveller doing his United States, in six weeks from England. Six weeks more may be well spent in Colorado (which, indeed, the sportsman would probably wish to turn into months), and five or six weeks more for the return to England would bring the whole tour within four and a half months, at the cost, as estimated by Mr. Morris, of 200*l*. "Any *flâneur* in London who is weary of the perfumed airs of Bond Street, and has lost his taste for moors and stubbles," is recommended by our author to follow his track, and promised a keener zest for the pleasures of civilized life, health all the sounder, and mind all the fresher, on his return. *Eamus omnes.*

Fifty-seven hours of railway travelling from New York took Mr. Morris to St. Louis, the metropolis of Missouri, and the usual outfitting place for a journey across the western prairies. He did not strike off from the railway before reaching St. Joseph, the second town of the State. Here he joined a teamster with two waggons and passengers bound direct through Kansas and Nebraska to Denver, a journey of seven hundred miles and four weeks. The women and children of the party slept in a tent; the men bivouacked with blankets or buffalo-ropes under the waggons. The long rolling prairies struck Mr. Morris, as they do many others, as more comparable to the sea than to any grass plains or downs of Europe. They present an expanse of verdure unbroken to the horizon, save by an occasional fringe of trees near a creek, or a solitary farm-house standing out alone in the grassy wilderness. At long intervals the track passes through hamlets which maintain a post-office, and sometimes a printing-office and newspaper. Mr. Morris incurred much suspicion of Southern proclivities by venturing to doubt (this was in May last year) the news of the capture of Vicksburg, which had prophetically reached the little and remote village of Troy; but he was saved from any outburst of popular indignation by the judicious apology of his teamster, who assured the Trojans that "it was only a foreigner." In the intervals of the villages there are detached "ranches" or post-houses along the track, the owners of which live by supplying travellers with stores and keep for their cattle at arbitrary prices, and by buying jaded pack-oxen for a dollar or two, while they sell fresh ones for whatever they please. Even in this trade, competition is now beginning to spoil the business, and to upset the "rule of the road" which had maintained the high tariffs of a strict monopoly. On reaching the valley of the Platte, the pasture narrows in towards the banks of the rivers, and the track was across sandy bluffs and alkaline flats. But there is a great variety of wild game within the reach of an active traveller by the teams. The real plan, however, for enjoying the prairies is, as Mr. Morris learnt by experience, to make oneself independent by buying waggon and team at St. Joseph or

\* *Rambles in the Rocky Mountains.* By Maurice O'Connor Morris. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1864.



St. Louis, and selling them at the western terminus of the trip, where their increased value will go far towards covering the rest of the travelling expenses. Of course, the chance of losing the beasts by theft at the hands of Indians or other vagrants is one item to be taken into consideration.

Between the attractions of the gold fields, and the desire to escape from the conscription, the last two years have witnessed a regular "stampede" of working men from the Western States to Colorado. As a check upon its own depletion, the State of Missouri has imposed a poll-tax of thirty dollars upon every emigrant leaving the State for the West, and an export duty of a dollar a cwt. on all the goods he carries with him—a curious instance of protectionist policy. With a reasonable command of labour, the Colorado district will soon be almost if not entirely self-supporting, and independent even of the completion of the Pacific railway. In addition to the gold, iron-ore is found very pure and in large quantities, which can be smelted on the spot, as coal is procurable close to the surface. The soil, with slight working and no manuring, yields good grain crops and fabulous vegetables; while the grasses and climate do wonders in fattening cattle and bringing horses into condition. The miner in the mountains may indulge in salmon-trout, elk, deer, antelope, and cinnamon bear. And although no such huge nuggets have been found in Colorado as in some other goldfields, the general yield of metal appears to be large and equable enough to guarantee, with ordinary luck, a fair rate of wages to the persevering digger. The skill of Cornish miners has already improved the manner of working the lodes, and the capital and science of the adventurers is growing year by year. Mr. Morris passed by Golden City (a failure at the foot of the mountains), through Golden Gate, up to Black Hawk, Mountain City, Central City, and Nevada, the four towns which have sprung up within the few last years in the centre of the auriferous region. Black Hawk already boasts a neat little wooden church with a gilt spire. In Central City Mr. Morris saw *Hamlet* respectfully performed in the theatre on Friday, and heard the bishop of the diocese preach and confirm in the same theatre on the Sunday. As the shops and offices of Central City were open for business on Sundays as well as on other week-days, the poor players deserve credit for their liberality in leaving their stage open to the bishop.

Leaving the cities of the plain and the mountain in the heats of August, Mr. Morris spent six weeks in a hunting excursion in the three Parks, which lie within a compass of about 150 miles, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. They are huge basins, only accessible through a few rocky passes, holding the springs of rivers which flow into the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico, diversified with high and low forest, prairie, ravines, still lakes, and running streams. They are still the cherished hunting-grounds and sometimes the battle-fields of more than one tribe of Indians; and although a detachment of troops from Colorado is occasionally stationed in one or other of the Parks for the maintenance of order, a white hunting-party must always run its chance of being dealt with as a body of unwelcome trespassers. Mr. Morris, however, met with no Indian difficulties, and states his belief that, in their intercourse with the citizens of the United States, the red men of those hunting-fields have been far more sinned against than sinning. The Saints of Utah, with a farsighted discretion, have distinguished themselves from the Gentiles of the Eastern side of the mountains by the maintenance of a scrupulous good faith with the tribes—a policy of which they would reap the benefit in case of any fresh troubles with the Government of the United States. The Utes and Arapahoes alike claim the proprietorship of the North Park, which is a large oval plain some eighty miles long and thirty broad, less broken and more capable of cultivation than the Middle and South Parks. Elk, beaver, antelopes, grouse, deer, and trout formed the staple of Mr. Morris' sport in these Parks, where he also came across traces of bears, plenty of wolves, and a so-called mountain lion, a beast of the jaguar kind. The autumnal life of hunting and trapping was so much to his taste that he returned to the Middle Park for a fresh bout in November, was there for a short time snowed up and disabled with a frozen foot, and was obliged, against his will, to relinquish his exciting life, and return by Denver and down the Platte valley to the monotony of the civilized world. The story of his tour is well and cheerily told, and he is one of those lucky tourists to whom pleasant little adventures happen, or who see unpleasant little adventures happen to others. He succeeded in the neat trick of aggravating a rattlesnake into biting itself to death by jerking it into the air with a stick. In the Middle Park he saw one of his companions get his shoulder dislocated by a kick from one of the hunting ponies. The united surgical skill of the party was unable to reduce the joint, and the sufferer was packed on another pony and sent off for a journey of some days' length in search of surgical aid. Within a few hours he returned, cured by a chance stumble of the second pony, which had slipped the shoulder back into its proper place. It is a rare triumph of homeopathic principles for a shoulder to be kicked out by one horse and stumbled in by another; or the case might be quoted by other theorists as an instance of the compensation balance of good and evil which governs the affairs of the world.

Mr. Morris is of opinion that during the last year a considerable change of feeling towards England has taken place in the minds of the citizens of the Western States. The iniquities of France, in violating the Monroe doctrine in Mexico, have superseded the grievance of our unfair neutrality; and Mr. Morris asserts that a sudden close of the war would be much more likely to produce

filibustering attempts against the new Mexican dynasty than against the peace of Canada. It must be remembered that Mr. Morris's experience threw him among those whose geographical position would give them a greater interest in any idea of development towards the Gulf of Mexico than beyond the north-east boundary. But in this volume, if we may assume its facts to be correct, there are several indications that the zeal of the Western States for the present war is cooling. The very prohibitive measures against emigration from Missouri prove how heavily the drafts must be falling upon the population. In Colorado, the discreet patriot appears far more anxious to find easy military employment at home in looking after the Indians than in subjugating his Southern brethren. The following advertisement, to stimulate volunteering into the Colorado cavalry, is original in its tone, and suggestive in the inducements it offers:—

"Old Top, are you on it? Come in out of the draft: Enlist in the cavalry! Charge round on a brave horse, and show the world that you are no sardine! The 1st Colorado Cavalry, *alias* 'Pet Lambs,' *alias* 'Drathers,' cannot be beat in this or any other country. They have been tried, and fill the bill to a 'T.' Why will you waste your sweetness on the desert air, sweating your life away by daily labour, when your country needs you, and will give you your regular old advance pay and bounty, to say nothing about the good clothes and square meals? Regular old hotel fare you will get! You will be mustered out in one year with the regiment, and get the same bounty as if you served three years! Come up to the office, and see us. Take a United States' smoke, and get acquainted with the boys!"

#### BLACK MOSS.\*

A NOVEL in which an undertaker and a distinguished Privy Councillor divide between them the honours of hero must obviously possess characteristics that are not common. The villain in low life and the villain in high places take turns in occupying the reader's attention, and though the situation cannot be considered pleasant, the notion is at least new. In fact, we are equally amazed at the strangeness of the incidents and at the unparalleled English in which they are narrated. If hitherto undiscovered depths of human nature are disclosed with unflinching hand, not less startling are the capacities of the English language which the author has been the first to unfold. It is, we believe, an established literary canon that style may vary as infinitely as the nature of the matter treated of, so there can be no reason why the monstrous obliquities of a coffin-maker and a statesman should not be described in language as oblique as their conduct. People who are fond of learning the manners and customs of fashionable society—that is to say, the majority of the English public—will find an immense amount of information in *Black Moss*, and even fashionable society itself may learn a great deal about its own ways of which it has hitherto, we suspect, been strangely ignorant. Sir Stafford Northcote, to whom the author "is privileged to offer this book," will justly reproach himself for allowing his devotion to finance to have left him so shamefully unaware of the habits, which *Black Moss* will reveal to him, of the dukes, and countesses, and ministers of Belgravia. People probably do not often read the books that are dedicated to them, but we are quite sure that, if Sir Stafford Northcote attempts *Black Moss*, he will find it harder work than the most obstinate sum in compound division with which he has ever been puzzled in the arithmetical nightmares that may be supposed to afflict him after a busy evening in the House. But it is very desirable—at least the penny papers say it is—that every class of English society should make itself as familiar as possible with the life of every other class, and the glimpse afforded by *Black Moss* into the most exclusive society in Europe is much too valuable to be neglected. It would perhaps be too much to say that the author is himself a star in the fashionable firmament, but the boldness of his genius may compensate for lack of personal observation, and one cannot tell how much of aristocratic life a man may see by merely walking daily in the Park, and gazing hard up at the windows and through the area rails of the great houses in Piccadilly and Belgrave Square.

Minna Norman, the heroine, is the niece of the wicked undertaker at Black Moss, a valley in Cumberland. Her uncle commits all sorts of atrocities. He opens a pestilential drain from the churchyard into the stream which supplies the neighbourhood with water, circulates coats that have been worn by fever patients, and in a variety of other ways pushes the coffin trade. As the author says in his peculiar style, "It is not in any sort a small thing to present the undertaker of Black Moss in any way to meet his merits; it was about the one thing that he liked best to take thought that he never was quite able to be understood." And "his trade, when he looked back upon that which was gone and upon that which he had garnered, had beyond any doubt afforded to him for a goodly number of years, on the whole, some very even and not inconsiderable successes." To be able to write two whole volumes in English of this kind does beyond doubt require, on the whole, some very even and not inconsiderable patience; but how much more to be able to read it! The undertaker is not suspected by anybody, and least of all does his pretty niece "turn the bull's eye of suspicion on the heart that at least always seemed to warm to her." "Are our little ones," asks the author, using an image on which the bull's eye of understanding refuses to shed any light, "to pull off our masks and tell aloud in the washing-tub of the ugly thing they saw behind?" Minna fortunately tells nothing aloud

\* *Black Moss; a Tale by a Turn.* By the Author of "*Miriam May*." 2 vols. London: Bentley.

in her washing-tub, but is adopted by a great lady and taken up to London for the season. Here she sees a great deal that surprises and distresses her. A low-necked dress is her first and severest tribulation. When the French dressmaker tries it on, a dreadful scene takes place. As her eyes "for a moment fell upon her neck in the glass before which she was sitting, she, to whom this clumsily-masked indelicacy was something new, sank back in her chair, and, covering her face with her hands, sobbed like a child." In this dress, with a new body of course, she is presented at a royal drawing-room, where she easily carries off the palm for beauty, and at once becomes the town's talk. Rumour had said that the belle of the season would be Lady Feodore Mountrevor, and when Lady Feodore finds that she is only a bad second after all, "a passion and a hate of exceeding bitterness and darkness rose up and comforted her not a little on the oversetting of her hopes that day." She thereupon, in her bitterness and darkness, tears her dress to rags and tramples the family pearls to powder, and hisses and screams and stamps her feet; "nor was it until presently she seemed to fancy she could see the face of Minna Norman loathsome with some cutaneous malady that she felt there was any possible reprisal that heaven could order which would meet her case." But we are warned not to suppose that Lady Feodore is naturally bitter or violent. It is all the fault of her noble mother and a corrupt society. Lady Langdale, the noble mother in question, is so exasperated at her daughter's defeat that she turns sulky, and refuses to let her go to parties where there is any chance of an encounter with the successful rival. But Lady Windermere, the wife of the great Tory chief, is resolved to defeat her friend's sullen purpose, because "it did well please her to bring down a very little some very high lady." "It had long been on her mind to work out this passion on the Lady Langdale, and now she thought the time had come when she could work it." So she gives a great ball, at which she secures Lady Feodore's presence by a little harmless lying. An awful scene ensues. Feodore goes out into a balcony to get cool, and Minna follows her. As soon as Feodore espied her foe, "she started with an angry exclamation, and a withering look of utter scorn from her beautiful and flashing eyes, and would likely have swept Minna away—bodily away even to her oversetting in that balcony." But Minna "timidly and calmly murmured this beginning:—"

"I am come," she said, "to ask you not to be any more unhappy about me. I want to tell you how sorry I am that anything which I have done has given you pain—I—"

"You have said enough. I desire that you will no further dare address me. Do you hear? Let me pass."

"Oh, Lady Feodore! I think you cannot know me," and she almost knelt at the feet of the embittered girl, and she still stayed there beseechingly before her.

The look which flashed from the face of Feodore Mountrevor was, as she heard these words, like to some gesture borrowed from a fiend.

"I know you, as all the world now knows you, as the drab of an undertaker; and I wish to know no more of such a line. Let me pass, I say. You shall not hold me here."

However, the inherent sweetness of nature of this bloated feminine aristocrat is at length brought out, and the oversetting in that balcony providentially avoided. After fighting with Minna in this elegant way, "she fought a sacred fight with her better self in that balcony that night," and "the issue of that fighting must not be hidden here," so they shook hands and became friends. We should have been better satisfied if the author had appended a certificate, from the politician to whom he has dedicated his book, that this is a very probable and common incident in Tory drawing-rooms. The house in which this scene took place "was the Tory centre," and if this sort of sacred and profane fighting is usual in Tory centres we can only borrow the expression of the wicked boy who, learning that his grandfather would go to heaven, replied that in that case he would rather not go there. But Minna's troubles that night did not end with her escape from oversetting. The wicked but popular Privy Councillor, Fabian Massarene, had had a letter from his father to say that he ought to be thinking of an heir, and one from his mother wishing him to marry a wife on whom she could settle her diamonds. So, as "he had never seen any one like to Minna Norman at all," he had said to himself, "I will make of this girl my wife; the diamonds shall descend, and I will have an heir." And he wrote home to say he had got a betrothed, and then went to Lady Windermere's to propose marriage to Minna. This premature announcement was scarcely what one would have expected in so sagacious a man, and, unluckily for its fulfilment, Minna refused him, upon which he very naturally thought "how great a fool he had been to write about his heir and the diamonds as he had so written." Minna's rejection of her distinguished suitor, however, proves a very lucky thing, for in the course of a few chapters he discovers that she is his daughter, and is so shocked that he dies immediately of spasm in the heart. The author has too much good taste to allow a Privy Councillor and man of fashion to go *ad inferos*, so Massarene goes out of the world in a very edifying way. Not so the reprobate coffin-maker, who, after a series of infernal machinations, at last meets a horrible death which gives him no chance of repentance. Minna's reason for refusing the hand of the man who turns out to be her father was that she was desperately in love with the Vicar of Black Moss, a most exemplary young man of High Church tendencies, whose greatest triumph in life was to have introduced among his parishioners the practice of attending daily service. He is very opportunely made Dean of "S.

Chad's," so "thinking this thing over to himself he thought that he might the more fitly now speak to Sybil [Minna's new name]; so he went down to the Abbey about the time of the serving of the tea." Lady D'Aeth, the fine lady who had taken her to London, "was not minded how she would order the marrying of Sybil Massarene; she knew something concerning the chief symptoms of these things, and she had sometimes thought that she could see how this matter with the vicar was going on. She had seen how Sybil had answered to those who had come about her, and she had been amazed at that which she saw; it was to her for a time a thing that was hard to be understood, but now she thought that she could understand it," and Sybil and the Dean are duly married. A great deal of the dialogue is written in a monstrous *patois* meant for Cumbrian, and as like Cumbrian as it is like French, but even that is less displeasing and uncouth than the author's English. It is difficult to imagine more execrably written sentences than those we have quoted, and the author has had the coolness to introduce Professor Wilson, of all men in the world, as using his style. Christopher North is actually made to speak and write in the affected language which pleases the author of *Black Moss*, but which would most unquestionably have consigned any contributor to *Blackwood* to Wilson's own Balam Box. It sounds less like straightforward English than a bald and literal translation of some outlandish foreign tongue. But, as we admit, perhaps there is a certain appropriateness in a silly story being written in silly and pretentious language. Some three or four years ago Mr. Mudie was vehemently attacked by the author for refusing to take copies of *Miriam May*. He cannot take a better revenge than by circulating *Black Moss* as widely as possible. Nobody will ask for any more from the same source.

#### THE ART-IDEA.\*

THE author of this little book describes it as carrying on, and in some degree correcting by the light of later experiences, the views upon art which he had expressed in some former treatises, which have not come in our way. The present volume appears, however, sufficiently complete in itself to supply means for estimating the writer's qualifications. Mr. Jarves is an enthusiast on his subject; he has lived for a considerable time in Italy, and he is anxious to render the early schools of religious art less unfamiliar than they are at present (according to his preface) in America. This he has attempted partly by giving his countrymen a theory of art, partly through the more palpable medium of a collection of specimens, which he claims to have formed in Europe, and to have offered, almost as a gift, to some of the chief towns in the Northern States. Whether through the ignorance of his fellow-citizens, through the disturbance created by the civil war, or through some want of attractiveness in the gallery itself (which appears, however, to have been selected on intelligent principles), Mr. Jarves' offer met at first with the reception which too often, all the world over, attends the attempt to make people a little wiser than they are. The gallery, we are glad to learn, has at length secured a favourable opening. But the narrative of its difficulties is a curious illustration of the way in which the Old Masters are regarded in the New World.

Undeterred by the fate which has attended most of the speculations on this subject that have been set forth by his predecessors, Mr. Jarves begins by attempting a definition of art and of its functions. Into this portion of his labours, however, we do not intend to enter. His division of art into Idealistic and Naturalistic, followed by a classification of its three main motives, "according as it is inspired by the perceptive, rationalistic, or imaginative faculties," although rather too Emersonian in style for English readers, is pleasantly expressed, and may suggest useful points of view. In America, also, the half-rhetorical language which Mr. Jarves adopts appears to be in closer sympathy with people's minds—partly, perhaps, through the high place which is there assigned to public speaking—than it can be with us. We do not think it likely that the theory of the "Art-Idea" will be accepted as a solution of the difficult problem which it grapples with; but, like such theories in general, it is mainly put forth as the legitimate preface to a volume of criticism, and, once stated, exercises no particular influence over the rest of the book.

A short history of the growth of art follows this preliminary matter. Rightly tracing its earliest development to the religious feeling of the primitive races, Mr. Jarves falls too much into the last-century fashion which ascribed to the "priestcraft" of Egypt, India, or Greece a conscious repression of the natural impulses of the human mind, such as, in fact, has rarely existed even amongst Spanish inquisitors:—

By priestcraft we refer to those crude notions of divinity . . . which become more obscure or material through the mistaken and selfish policy of priests, in invariably clothing their superior knowledge in the guise of sacred mysteries. To perpetuate their influence, they deem it necessary to present to the people some visible embodiment of their doctrines.

We need not dwell at length on the misconception of the early world contained in such phrases, which, like the language of an opposite school, who speak of the corruption of primitive faith, and trace in the Grecian Pantheon the degenerate types of a supposed revelation, attribute to the primeval races exactly that quality of

\* *The Art-Idea*. By J. J. Jarves. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1864.



which they had least—self-consciousness. It is just to Mr. Jarves to add that the theory of priestcraft and mysteries disappears at once when he has to treat of Greek art. It is true that the very earliest Hellenic productions give us a glimpse of a "hieratic" school, in close analogy with Egypt and Etruria. But what naturally strikes him most is the freedom and spontaneity of the purely Greek creations. Here we meet with some sound remarks on the attitude of mind in which ancient art should be judged of:—

Ideas and manners go through as natural a process of growth, decay, and renewal in new forms, as does the vegetable creation. Nature, having done with one class of thoughts or things, never recalls their existence. Their uses perish with their non-necessity. We could as successfully revive a race of behemoths or ichthyosaurs as a defunct faith, or arrest the course of a star as easily as summon back an obsolete feeling. This inexorable law should be kept in view in judging of past art. It is impossible for the moderns to look upon it with the same tone of mind as its contemporaries. To them it was both belief and beauty. The former we can appreciate only as we disinter fossils, to inform our intellect of past facts as the predecessors of present; but of the degree of the latter, its rules being unchangeable, all time is qualified to judge, if it but ascertain them. Hence it is that ancient, and, indeed, all art not based on our own plane of feeling and faith, necessarily loses its primary significance, and reaches us only at second-hand. Our understanding, either under the persuasion of conventional taste or sound cultivation, must first approve before we praise it, while all art that *lives* to us first influences us through our sympathies or desires.

Greek art is in so great a degree an aesthetic idealization of the higher faculties of man as the climax of nature and seed of divinity, every man having latent within him the capacity of a god, that even its fragments continue to be viewed as the noblest specimens of true art yet produced. By this we mean art as divested of other motive than its own laws of being. The religion out of which it sprung is for ever dead. Consequently, ours is not a front, but a back view. We prize it, not so much in relation to the embodied idea, which only scholars can correctly appreciate, as from its broader relation to common humanity and the universal laws of nature. Tried by this standard, we find it complete and consistent, so far as it goes.

In his comparison of Hellenic and Christian art, Mr. Jarves makes some other good comments, although he has followed the theory of Heine, in his ingenious but wiredrawn opposition of the sensuous and ascetic tendencies, much too implicitly. These fine speculations at second-hand are, to our thinking, the weak side, not only of this, but of the other productions of the Emersonian school which we have met with. There is a sort of rainbow brilliancy about them; the language glitters; the thoughts, if not always orthodox, are always of irreproachable elevation; the view taken has a real largeness and freedom from prosaic narrowness, and the philosophy wants but one thing—bottom. When we bring it to the test of facts, we find, even as we find in the far abler and more reasoned system of Auguste Comte (whose theory of art, within its limits, is the most remarkable we know of), that a skilful *à priori* arrangement of well-chosen points has been laid before us; a great number, it may be, of the phenomena have been accounted for; but a crowd of stubborn, out-lying facts remain, which cannot be resolved by the theory, and which those who prefer Truth, with her many obscurities and confusions of inexplicability, to Fancy, however complete and alluring, cannot suffer to be explained away by any trick of language.

Mr. Jarves concludes his view of art by a lively critique on the chief modern schools. Here his natural taste is seen to better advantage than when he is treading those grand theoretical roads in which, no doubt, he has gathered the enthusiasm for his subject which renders his writing attractive. These sketches are, however, partial and incomplete, not only from the writer's dominant theorizing, but from want of space; and we regret that he did not devote more to them than to the bird's-eye flights that precede. The last thing, probably, that a writer would think of doing would be to take the advice of his critic. With this proviso, we would venture to advise Mr. Jarves to employ his powers of observation and of language on a detailed criticism of the modern European schools. This, especially if accompanied by a few well-chosen and characteristic engravings, might confer upon the English reading public a benefit which they have not yet received.

We give a few examples of the author's criticism. Speaking of the English School of the last thirty years, he says:—

A vigorous, unideal, thoroughly British class of painters succeeded them, insular in type and tone, inferior in colour, realistic in expression, naturalistic in aim, low, common, external in motive, academic in training, intelligible and popular because of the delight of the nation at large in their topics and materialistic treatment. Men of talent, certainly, and of local fame; but not of genius and universal reputation. Frith's "Derby Day," embodying the lower traits of English national life, and his "Railway Station," the external commonplace of that confused spectacle, are graphic results of the style and taste of English realists.

France bears the palm to-day in modern art. In painting, she presents a wider range of styles and motives, a greater knowledge, and more eminent names than any other country. This she owes to her artistic and scientific liberty, intellectual culture, the national love of beauty, and widely diffused æsthetic taste, helped as they are by admirable systems of instruction, accumulations of objects of art of all eras and races free to her people, while her own traditions create a universal art-atmosphere, and make every Frenchman a lover and critic of art; and, above all, to the subordination of the ecclesiastical and civil authority. The French are the Greeks of modern life. Leavened with the Protestant spirit of civil liberty and progression, they unite in themselves the extreme of philosophical scepticism with the spiritual exaltation and material superstition of Catholicism.

Meissonnier is the painter of the *salons*. Fashion is his stimulus. His vigorous design, tasteful composition, exquisite finish, minuteness without littleness, manual skill, his force and spirit, despite the inferiority of his motives and want of sympathy for noble work, almost elevate him to the level of a great master. Indeed, in so far as doing what he attempts superlatively well, he is one.

Mr. Jarves, although his view of "the art-idea in its historical progress in the civilizations of the Old World" is only the succinct sketch which he modestly names it, naturally gives greater space to the artists of his own country. This portion of his work is curious; and if it is difficult to feel a perfect conviction that the high epithets which he pours forth on a series of American names which, to us, are names and no more, are strictly deserved, yet his criticism at any rate awakens a strong desire to know something of the many painters who here pass before us. We commend this portion of his book to the notice of our enterprising dealers. If Mr. Jarves be not altogether led away by zeal for his own countrymen, there must be materials to supply a valuable and attractive American Exhibition in England. Indeed, the few specimens which came over in 1862, and subsequently, have given good reason for believing that there is much there that deserves our attentive study. The American sculptors, by an odd freak of fate, are far more familiar to Englishmen. Here, therefore, we are better able to test the validity of Mr. Jarves's criticism. He seems to us, perhaps, better qualified to judge this branch of art than painting. His remarks on Power, for example, and on Story, strike us as remarkably good. At any rate, anything like a sober and reasoned discussion on sculpture is so very rare at home, that we gladly welcome a writer who handles it with knowledge, taste, and courage:—

American portrait-statues, with but partial and particular exceptions, are pitiful failures. In general, they have no backbone or internal anatomy; the drapery, heavy or commonplace, being but a coarse artifice to conceal the inability of the sculptor to master anatomy, and bestow dignified action or graceful repose upon his work.

Were Mr. Jarves a humorist, we should think we were reading a description of the style of Messrs. Noble, Theed, Adams, Brodie, and other British practitioners.

Some account of architecture in America is given in conclusion. Here Mr. Jarves is no sparing critic of the deficiencies of his countrymen. He begins—"Strictly speaking, we have no architecture"; an opening which reminds us of the celebrated chapter on the Serpents of Norway—"There are no serpents in Norway." Every English fashion in building seems to have been feebly and gaudily imitated across the Atlantic. We are amongst those who think that the possible architectural forms and modes of decoration are very few, and that each style has, in all ages, been a great borrower from its predecessors or contemporaries. Hence we, too, need not be distressed if we cannot create a style that shall be totally unlike anything else—absolutely and purely (as the phrase goes) "Victorian." But then this borrowing must be after the manner in which Molière "took his property where he could find it"; it must be a vital transfusion, not a pattern-book repetition—an All Saints' Church, not a St. John's College Chapel. Looking at architecture in this rational way, Mr. Jarves is led, like us, to regard some development of the Gothic of Europe as the style most likely at once to satisfy the demands of utility and of beauty. We quote his argument, not as conveying a novel view, but from the hearty pleasure that it gives us to see correct ideas announced in the other hemisphere:—

The underlying spirit of the Gothic—namely, the right of free growth as of nature herself, borrowing from her the models or forms into which it incarnates its fundamental ideas, the same as vegetation, although of one great family in relation to the planet, yet adapts itself by an infinitude of beautiful shapes to every variety of soil—this spirit, we think, co-existing with nature herself, is capable of responding to every architectural desire. If this be a correct view of the Gothic idea, the medievalists, so far from having exhausted its scope and variety of application, have left us only on the threshold of its power. Grecian architecture was a perfect, organic, disciplined whole, limited in extent, and condensed into a defined æsthetic code, outside of which it could not range without detriment to its rule of being. Gothic, on the contrary, has no settled, absolute boundaries. Its essence is freedom of choice, to the intent to obtain diversity of feature. Hence it is both infinite and flexible in character, affording working-room for every intellectual and spiritual faculty. The sole limit of its being is the capacity of invention and adaptation of the workman. We perceive that he was never conventional. He might be rude, grotesque, wild, or wonderful; but the free play given to individual fancy saved the Gothic from sameness and repetition. Genuine Gothic buildings of every class possess as marked individuality of expression as the human countenance.

#### CORNELIUS O'DOWD.\*

IT cannot be said that the comic Irishman continues to hold the same place, in literature or upon the stage, which he occupied a generation or two ago. Familiarity has robbed his peculiar kind of facetiousness of much of its power to captivate or to amuse. The time has gone by when a "broth of a boy" from Tipperary or Galway was thought as indispensable to the light business of a novel or a play as was some more polished specimen of his country's wit towards filling up the interstices between the solemn elderly noodles at a London dinner party. Nevertheless, the wondrous vitality which somehow seems to attach to the Milesian nature in real life appears to extend to the typical representative of his race who meets us in the pages of fiction; and the irrepressible Irishman is found to furnish ever and anon, in likely hands, scarcely less material for the diversion of the public than if his swagger and his brogue, his bulls and his intrigues, had never set a single pit in a roar, or given motion to a solitary pen. Of late, Mr. Lever has succeeded in imparting to the somewhat effete character a new and wholly original existence, and when

\* Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women and Other Things in General. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1864.

the reader began to tire somewhat of the wild and rollicking mortal who rode, shot, campaigned, and made love as only Charles O'Malley or Tom Burke could do, the humour of Mr. Thackeray invested the part with a raciness and vigour such as not even the most vivid and pointed of native writers had succeeded in imparting to his countrymen. There may be said, at the present moment, to be room for successful enterprise in the same path of invention, whether the wit is to be indigenous to the soil or not. But it will require no ordinary amount of talent to revivify a cast of character which has been worked out already with so much mastery of the Irish nature.

There are not wanting signs, in the dissertations of Cornelius O'Dowd *Upon Men and Women and other Things in General*, which point to the possession on the writer's part of many of the qualifications for success in this line. Be his literary cognomen real or imaginary, the O'Dowd may be taken as offering a very fair specimen of those mingled virtues and foibles which make up the model Irish humourist. Fluent and facile, versatile and self-assured, he brings before us just the style of character which we are wont to associate with the best specimens of that class. These miscellaneous off-hand papers, newly put together from the pages of a monthly periodical, exhibit a fresh and lively way of setting a familiar subject in a new light, and of hitting the weaker or more anomalous points of ordinary life, which makes them as diverting a sample of light reading as can well be desired. If the writer were only as terse and studious of pith in style as he is smooth and copious in the flow of his ideas, and if he did but hold the reins of his imagination somewhat more tightly in hand, he might aspire to take a leading part in the representation of the national literature. Mr. O'Dowd sets himself before us as the model of a "diverting vagabond," a sort of Hibernian Micawber or Skimpole, waiting with the cheerful expectancy of his race for something of fortune's favours to "turn up," and floating meanwhile about the world with a perfect idea of making himself at home in it. With a satisfactory stock of such qualifications as a good digestion, a sound set of teeth, a lively temper, an unabashed forehead, and a general capacity for enjoyment, adventurers of the O'Dowd class need want but little here below. Theirs is the butterfly existence which, without much by way of ostensible means, flits gaily on amid the sweets and flowers of the world, untroubled by the burdens of work, and in happy disregard of the cares of tomorrow. The wandering cosmopolitan Irishman is never to be caught for a moment down upon his luck.

Meresse profundo, pulchrior evenit.

So it seems to have been with Cornelius. When the solicitor who once gave him a brief—he "believes it was a softening of the brain"—died, he tells us he burned his wig and retired from the profession. But it was only to take many an experimental "header" into the great sea of life. Having stood an unsuccessful election for Athlone, served as a Captain in the West Coast Rifles, and married a young lady of great personal attractions, he describes himself as having completed the whole round of misfortunes by taking the chairmanship of the Vichnashees Silver Mining Company, which very soon left him with nothing but copper in his pocket, and sent the "township and lands of Kil-murray-nabachlish, Ballaghy, and Gregnaslaterry, the property of Cornelius O'Dowd, Esq., of Dowd's Folly, County Mayo," to the hammer of Judge Dobbs and his Court on the Inns Quay. The next stage in the career of the landless and placeless Irish gentleman is as easily to be foretold as the change from the grub to the butterfly. The scene, of course, is the ante-chamber of the "Castle":—

Like the rest of my countrymen, I was always hoping the Government would "do something" for me. I have not missed a levee for fourteen years, and I have shown the calves of my legs to every viceregal since Lord Clarendon's day; but though they all joked and talked very pleasantly with me, none said, "O'Dowd, we must do something for you;" and if it was to rain commissions in lunacy, or prison inspectorships, I don't believe one would fall upon C. O'D. I never knew rightly how it was, but though I was always liked at the Bar mess, and made much of on circuit, I never got a brief. People were constantly saying to me, "Con, if you were to do this, that, or t'other," you'd make a hit; but it was always conditional on my being somewhere, or doing something that I never had attempted before.

It was clear, if I was the right man, I wasn't in the right place; and this was all the more provoking, because, let me do what I would, some one was sure to exclaim, "Con, my boy, don't try that; it is certainly not your line." "What a capital agent for a new assurance company you'd be!" "What a success you'd have had on the stage! You'd have played Sir Lucius better than any living actor. Why don't you go on the boards? Why not start a penny newspaper? Why not give readings?" I wonder why they didn't tell me to turn organist or a painter in oils.

"You're always telling us how much you know of the world, Mr. O'Dowd," said my wife; "I wish you could turn the knowledge to some account."

This was scarcely generous, to say the least of it. Mrs. O'D. knew well that I was vain of the quality—that I regarded it as a sort of specialty. In fact, deeming, with the poet, that the proper study of mankind was man, I had devoted a larger share of my life to the inquiry than quite consisted with professional advancement; and while others pored over their Blackstone, I was "doing Baden;" and instead of term reports and Crown cases, I was diverting myself in the Oberland or on the Lago Maggiore.

"And with all your great knowledge of life," continued she, "I don't exactly see what it has done for you."

With respect to knowledge of life, the O'Dowd can compare himself with those connoisseurs in art who, "without a picture or an engraving of their own, can roam through a gallery, taking the most intense pleasure in all it contains, and gazing with all the delight of ownership at the Raffaelles, and lingering over the sunny landscapes of Claude." To him the world has for years im-

parted a sense of such enjoyment. It has seemed made for his garden, and he has wandered freely up and down and picked its fruits. "Human nature has been my gallery, with all its variety, its breadth, its effect, its warm colouring, and its cold tints." He knows everybody that is worth knowing in Europe, and some two or three in America. He has been everywhere—eaten of everything—seen everything. "There's not a railway guard from Norway to Naples doesn't grin a recognition to him; not a waiter from the Trois Frères to the Wilde Mann doesn't trail his napkin to earth as he sees him." Ministers speak up when he strolls into the Chamber, and *prima donnas* soar above the orchestra and warble in ecstasy as he enters the pit. Of course a gentleman who has seen and known so much must be highly delightful company, and the O'Dowderies to which we are treated as the result of so much and so varied experience are not a little pleasant and racy in their way. Sketches of foreign travel, stray notes upon outlandish men and things, tales of pleasing swindlers and fascinating Bohemians, alternate with graver themes—the astuteness of Cavour, the future of Italy, the simple grandeur of Garibaldi. Like most gentlemen who have made enjoyment the rule of life, and find the zest and power of enjoying not so strong as it was before the meridian of their days, he is a bigoted *laudator temporis acti*, and an inveterate grumbler at the falling off of everything. There are no whist-players now-a-days, no courtiers, no statesmen, no conversationalists. The drama is gone to the dogs, though here we may thank the subject of its decline for furnishing him with matter for one of the neatest and most telling essays in the book. The actor of real life, he makes it clear, has beaten his theatrical rival off the stage. Who cares to pay at the Adelphi or the Haymarket, when the best actors are to be seen for nothing, at the Exchange, in the parks, on railroads or river steamers, at the soirées of learned societies, in Parliament, at civic dinners or episcopal visitations? "Daily habit familiarizes us with the acting of the barrister, his generous trustfulness, his love of all that is good, his noble pity, and the withering sarcasm with which he scathes the ill-doer." Look at the physician. "Who is it, then, enters the room with the footfall of a cat, and draws our curtain as gently as a zephyr might stir a rose-leaf," who associates himself with our sufferings, and winces under our pain, and as suddenly rallies as we grow better, and joins in our little sick-bed drolleries? "Who does all these? A consummate actor, who takes from thirty to forty daily 'benefits,' and whose performances are paid at a guinea a scene." Perhaps the highest walk of the real-life drama is given up to the cold and calculating man of money, and the stage of Finance is suggestive of all that is creative, fanciful, and imaginative. The greatest actor Mr. O'Dowd ever saw was a railroad contractor. Perhaps many of our readers may have seen the same consummate artist—to their sorrow. He had the utmost of "that persuasive-ness, that magnetic captivation, which subordinates reason to hope." He was no poetical embellisher, but a plain man of earthworks and culverts, cuttings and tunnels, with infinite contempt for those who busied themselves in the visionary pursuits of politics or literature, or who devoted themselves to field-sports or the arts. Had he been simply an enthusiast, that fatal false logic that will track enthusiasm, however it may be guided, would have betrayed him. "The man was not an enthusiast, he was a great actor." And when he had smashed his banker, ruined his company, and beggared the shareholders, he was high-hearted, hopeful, and buoyant as ever. What a poor piece of mockery, of false tinsel and fringe and folly and pretence, exclaims the author, is your stage-player beside one of these fellows! Who is going to sit three weary hours at the Haymarket, bored by the assumed plausibility of the actor, when the real, the actual, the positive thing that he so poorly simulates is to be met on the railroad, at the station, in the club, on the chain-pier, or on the penny steamer? Is there any one who will pay to see the plaster-cast when he can behold the marble original for nothing?

But it is in sketching the salient points and foibles of his own national character that the writer finds the most appropriate scope for his powers of observation, and for the play of his genial satire. What is it, he demands, which makes of the sluggish, careless Irishman the prudent, hard-working, prosperous fellow you see him in the States? Simply the fact that the superior craft by which he outwitted John Bull no longer serves him. He has got among an order of brains as smart as his own. "The Yankee is too shrewd to be jockeyed by him, and Paddy must use his hands instead of his head." This observation suggests to Mr. O'Dowd a remedy for the proverbial indolence, the want of order, and the knavery of the Italians. He would put them under the mastery of the Greeks, who alone in Europe have the subtlety and craft to outguile and outwit them on every hand. Portraying the character and career of the accomplished swindler "R. N. F.," he has to account for the magical ascendancy exercised by that great *chevalier d'industrie* over the wariest and closest-fisted of men. His victims were mainly, in fact, chosen from that class. He was not of the vulgar herd of charlatans who prey upon the frank, open, free-giving, and trustful kind of men. "Canny Scotchmen and shrewd Yankees—aye, even Swiss innkeepers—felt the touch of his quality." From Irishmen alone "R. N. F." turned away with the sense of a lack of power. And why was this? "R. N. F." was an Irishman, and Paddy has seen too much of this style of thing at home, and could no more be humbugged by it than he could believe a potato to be a truffle. "F." was too perfect an artist ever to perform in an



Irish part to an Irish audience, and so he owes little or nothing to the land of his birth. In the later papers there are perhaps too many signs of degenerating into the platitudes of the penny-a-liner, and there are occasional trips and solecisms in style which it is impossible wholly to lay to the credit of haste in writing, or to the charge of the reader for the press. Whoever may be responsible for making the Court of Probate sit "under the distinguished patronage of Judge Wills," or engaging Bob Acres in a trial of repartee with Sir Lucas, there can be little doubt with whom lies the merit of raking up a "philosopher" who talks of "*hypocampus major*" and "*hypocampus minor*." But the work does not pretend to scholarship or erudition. And the reader will hardly be inclined to throw aside so much cheerful and amusing small-talk on account of a few such blunders.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A FRENCH SPORTSMAN.\*

ENGLISHMEN are not accustomed to think very highly of French sportsmen. The temper of the French nation is not favourable to sport as we understand it; and though the quantity and proportion of waste, and especially of forest land, are far greater in France than in England, the habits of the people and the system of cultivation are far less favourable to the preservation of game. Besides this, with all their brilliant courage, the French are by no means a venturesome nation. They have not that taste for the solitary exploration of wild countries and the hunting-up of strange beasts which is so common a passion with our own countrymen, and which shows itself, amongst other things, in a constant succession of books about sporting of all sorts, from shooting elephants and tigers down to the most quiet domestic sports in the three kingdoms.

It would not be easy to find a better illustration of the difference between the French and English notions of sporting than is supplied by a comparison between any English account of sporting adventures—such, for instance, as the works of Mr. Grantley Berkeley, Mr. St. John, or the numerous Indian officers who have published accounts of their feats against the *shikar* of the Indian forests and jungles—and a little volume called, after the notes of the French horn, *Tonton Tontaine Tonton*, by M. Léon Bertrand, the editor of the *Journal des Chasseurs*, and one of the most active of French Nimrods. We have no doubt that, in all the essential qualities of sportsmen, M. Bertrand and his countrymen would sustain a comparison with those of any other nation. Frenchmen are as active and hardy as they are bold; the excellence of their troops on the march is proverbial; and M. Bertrand is a true Frenchman. Like all his countrymen, he is full of gaiety and life. He obviously feels the keenest satisfaction in his pursuits, and there is in all that he writes a fine cheerful hearty temper, coupled, as is generally the case with men of active and hardy habits, with a keen appreciation of the luxuries of life. He is perfectly ready, apparently, to travel all night and walk all day, but he knows a good bed or a good dinner when he finds it, and enjoys it thoroughly. This is just what experience would lead one to expect. Probably the same sprightliness which makes a man like the exercise and excitement of sport makes him particular and ingenious about his food when he has the chance. With all this, however, nothing can be less like an English sportsman than M. Bertrand, and nothing can be less like English sport than the scenes he describes. Indeed, the sporting part of the different articles of which his amusing little volume is made up is scarcely more than an excuse for the display of his powers as a journalist. The first of them, for instance, is a wonderful history, illustrated by a rather ghastly etching, setting forth how M. Bertrand went out to waylay a deer in the forest of Bondy; how, whilst he was there, a disreputable person came down the bank of a canal by which M. Bertrand was lying in ambush, washed his hands and coat cuffs, and displayed a revolver with three barrels; how this unpleasant person put up at the same inn with M. Bertrand, and had a long conversation with him one day about the most desirable form of suicide, and how he turned out at last to be Judd the murderer, who shot the man on the Strasburg railway. This little history, with which the volume commences, has nothing to do with sporting, except that M. Bertrand was on a shooting excursion when it presented itself either to his eyes or to his imagination, as the case may be. The next story gives a touching account of an old widow who showed M. Bertrand where to get a shot at certain woodcocks, and who turned out to be the widow of a gamekeeper who died on the forest fighting bravely against the invasion in 1814. Here, again, the sporting interest is quite swallowed up in a chance reminiscence of the *grande armée*.

By degrees, however, we get to business. There is an eloquent description of the fêtes at Chantilly in 1840, including a scientific stag-hunt, conducted according to all the rules of the science of venery—a science of which M. Bertrand is an enthusiastic admirer, and which he claims to understand. He returns to the subject several times in the course of his book, and certainly nothing can show more clearly the difference between French and English views on the matter. A French stag-hunt seems to be something between a review and a general action. It is conducted, we are told, on principles of the most scientific kind:—

Venery, beyond dispute the noblest study destined to complete the education of a gentleman, is an exact and certain science founded on experience,

not on conjectures or approximations, but on calculations mathematically true, of which it is impossible to alter a cypher without exposing oneself to serious errors. To wish to change it, to alter its forms and modes of procedure, can be the project of no one but one of those ignorant reformers who always prefer innovation to instruction.

This burst of enthusiasm occurs in a good-humoured passage of arms between M. Bertrand and a business-like English sportsman, Mr. Apperley, who ventured to try a French stag-hunt by the feeble light of private English judgment. This profane and unhappy person's objections resolved themselves into a complaint that a French stag-hunt was a very different thing from an English fox-hunt, and that the glorious array of the huntsmen, with their gold lace and French horns, was not so business-like as the stained old red coat and discoloured buckskin breeches of men accustomed to ride across country in Leicestershire. Nothing can exceed the good-humoured yet serious indignation with which M. Bertrand enforces on the unromantic Briton the charms of the French conception of a hunt, and descants on its superiority to the British taste for frantically galloping over hedges and ditches after a wretched fox:—

Brisez-vous les côtes, si tel est votre bon plaisir, à la suite d'un renard, d'un méchant quadrupède infect qui ne sait que tourner les talons on empest l'air d'émanations fétides et puantes; mais, morbleu, respect à des mœurs, à des coutumes que vous n'êtes pas en état d'apprécier, respect à notre chasse à courre française, qui, telle qu'elle est aujourd'hui et telle que l'ont faite nos aïeux, est encore bien au-dessus de tout ce que les raffinements du sport sont parvenus à faire en Angleterre.

Well done, M. Bertrand; there is nothing like speaking up well for your own side, and standing up like a man for your venerable institutions.

The less glorious and magnificent forms of sport in France strike an English reader principally by their gregarious character. M. Bertrand describes several shooting associations, which rent various forests in different parts of France, and shoot over them under a set of rules intended to arrange the sport in a satisfactory way. The general plan of operations appears to be that the shooting is to take place on certain days in the week. On these days as many of the members as feel inclined go down to the scene of action and beat the forest in company. They seem to have what the Americans would call very good times, but the quantity of game killed does not seem to be great, and all M. Bertrand's stories read more like accounts of picnics than anything else. A number of jolly companions go out and have a pleasant day in the woods, killing a certain quantity of game, but there seems to be very little of what an Englishman would call sport in the case. Considering that the French are happy enough to possess any number of wild boars and a good sprinkling of wolves, one would expect to read of long marches, bivouacs, the following up of wounded beasts, and the like; but for the most part the book is full of battues which are not very fatal either to the game or to the hunters. After all, if a Frenchman likes sporting for the sake of noise and society, and an Englishman for the sake of something like adventure and excitement, it is a question of taste about which there is nothing to be said. On his return from one of these expeditions, one of the party killed a crow sitting, with a rifle ball, at 130 yards distance. This appears to M. Bertrand a perfectly miraculous shot. We are greatly mistaken if he would not see plenty of miracles of the same kind at Wimbledon. To hit a three inch bull's-eye at 150 yards is no such marvellous feat, and a crow is a larger mark.

The great defect, at least to an English reader, of M. Bertrand's sketches is, that they tell us next to nothing about the habits, nature, and quantity of the French game. The charm of sporting books in general is that they give such information in a picturesque and interesting way. An Indian sportsman, for instance, will generally tell his readers something about the habits of elephants, tigers, buffaloes, snakes, and the like, but M. Bertrand has very little to say about the wild animals of France. It would seem, however, that they are very numerous—far more numerous than we are accustomed to suppose. Thus, within forty or fifty miles of Paris, the wild boars are common enough, even in the present day, to be a positive nuisance; and M. Bertrand gives us a history of an official battue at which he assisted, near Château Thierry, at no great distance from Paris, for the purpose of making war upon the boars:—

In these official battues, undertaken for the general good, the manner of proceeding is very simple. On the requisition of the *sous-préfet*, the foresters of the neighbourhood make a compulsory enrolment of so many men per village. It is an obligatory *corvée* paid only by a share in part of the beasts killed. Besides, as the object is to fight a common enemy who commits damages, especially at harvest time, of incalculable amount, every one is zealous.

It is a strange thing that in such a country as France there should still be wild beasts in sufficient numbers to render it necessary to have a compulsory conscription in order to keep down their numbers and prevent them from damaging the crops. It is also strange enough that any compulsion should be required. Imagine the inhabitants of an English village getting a chance to have a shot at a wild boar. The difficulty would be to keep a single man or boy at his work within ten miles of the scene of action. Not only are there wild boars in the department of the Aisne, but there are still a certain number of deer in the forest of Bondy, which is to Paris what Epping Forest is to London. The fact of their existence shows that the poaching spirit must be less active in France than it is here. Perhaps, however, there may be more wild creatures even in our own crowded country than we are apt to suppose. Mr. Frank Buckland (if we are not

\* *Tonton Tontaine Tonton*. Par Léon Bertrand. Preface par Alexandre Dumas. Paris; 1864.

mistaken) said, not many years ago, that there were then no less than six otters living between Surly Hall and Maidenhead, and it is not so very long since a more or less genuine wild cat was shot near Weybridge. But what is this to France? We ought to have wolves in Windsor Forest and wild boars in the Chiltern Hundreds. As it is, we must treasure up that *méchant quadrupède infect*, the fox, and wish that our neighbours appreciated more fully the unspeakable blessings vouchsafed to them.

#### FIRE AND NECTAR.\*

THE discovery of the close relationship of the Aryan languages, so valuable in itself as furnishing a safe basis for their comparative study, has also enabled us to form some ideas as to the social state of the tribe which Teutons, Slavonians, Celts, Italians, Greeks, Persians, and Hindoos must regard as their common ancestors. From the identity in form and meaning of such words as the Sanskrit *siv*, Latin *sivo*, English *sew*; Sansk. *ve*, *vabh*, Gr. *ἔψ-*, O.H.G. *vab*, Eng. *weave*; Sansk. *takshan*, *naus*, *damas*, *paragus* = Gr. *τίκτωρ*, *ναῦς*, *δόμος*, *πῖλεος*; from these and many similar instances adduced by Professors Kuhn† and Max Müller‡, we may safely infer that the primitive Aryans were not altogether unacquainted with the arts of civilized life. The fact, too, that the Sanskrit root *vas*, to clothe, recurs in the Greek *ἔσθω*, *ἔσθωμι* (for *ἔσθωμι*), Latin *ves-tis*, Gothic *vasjan*, and the re-appearance of the Sanskrit *pac*, *pak*, "to cook," in the Greek *πίσσω*, tends to show, at any rate, that Rousseau's dream of an original savage state is untrue so far as our ancestors are concerned. We can prove, too, that a well-organized family life existed before the separation of the Aryans, for even the more distant degrees of relationship are often designated by the same words in the different Indo-European languages. Thus the Sansk. *svachura* and *svachra* reappear in the Gr. *ἑσπέρης*, Lat. *socer*, *socrus*, Goth. *svaithra*, *svaithrō*; and the Sansk. *dever* or *devara* is exactly the Gr. *δαίμων* (for *δαίμων*), the Latin *levir*. Nay, we can even show that social development had gone beyond the narrow circle of one family, for the Sansk. *rajan*, *rāj*, "a king," is identical with the Latin stem *reg*, Old Irish *ri* (gen. *rig*), Goth. *reiks*. Nor are traces wanting of an incipient higher development of the intellect. The word for *hundred* is the same in all Aryan languages—e.g. Sansk. *catam*, Lat. *centum*, Welsh *cant*. The Teutonic year (Goth. *jēr*, O.H.G. *jār*) recurs in the Zend *yārē*. And the moon and month are so called because they measure time—the Gothic *mēna*, "moon," *menōths*, "month," Greek *μήν*, *μήνη*, Lat. *mensis*, Sansk. *mās*, *māsa*, "month," and also "moon," being also from the root *mā*, "to measure." Hence we can hardly doubt that the primitive Aryans employed, for chronological purposes, a year of twelve lunar months. Again, from the probable connexion of the Sansk. *chandas* (from *skandas*), "metre," "song"—especially applied to the Vedic hymns—with the Old Norse *skald*, "a minstrel," we may infer the existence of poetry in that old time; and remembering the identity of Sansk. *madhu*, Gr. *μέθυ*, and English *mead*, we may fairly conceive a picture of primeval banquetings at which body and mind were alike provided for.

A race that knows of the craftsman, the king, and the poet, could not well be without some religion. Where, indeed, is the society in which we do not find some kind of belief in spirits that rule or misrule this world of sensuous objects? The rudest savage feels an awe of the invisible powers that encompass his existence. Only with some tribes this belief fails to rise beyond a dim notion that the soul of man does not die with his body; that the spirits of the dead take part in the affairs of the living; that they exert an influence, now beneficial, now disastrous, on natural phenomena, and that in all these modes of action they may be helped or thwarted by other elementary spirits. These beings are often very shadowy—without definite form, abode, or power—ghosts rather than gods. They are as much feared as revered. The rites by which men enter into communication with them are less a worship than a series of magical spells and artifices. In such a period of shamanism, if we may use the expression, there is in language no word that answers to our "god," but "spirit," "ghost," "soul," are all expressed by the same term, as in the case of the Delaware Indian *manitu*, which moreover signifies the human enchanter, and even any animal of superior wisdom or power.

But even before their separation our ancestors had passed through this shadowy stage of religious development. Their gods were clearly distinguished from human beings and human spirits. The Sanskrit word for God—*deva*—duly reappears in the Latin *divus*, *deus*, the Lithuanian *devas*, the Prussian *deivos*, the Irish *dia*, the Old-Welsh *duin*, and the Old-Norse plural *tívar*. This word comes from the root *div*, "to shine," whence also several Aryan words signifying "day" and "heaven" are derived. Hence we conclude that the oldest gods of our ancestors were genii of light, of day, and of the bright sky. Another name of the gods is the Zend *bhaga*, Old-Persian *baga*, which reappears in the Slavonic *bogŭ*, and seems to mean "dividers of fortune," from the root *bhag* (Sansk. *bhag*), "to divide," whence the Sansk. *bhāga*, "fortune."

There can be little doubt that these old Aryan gods were regularly worshipped by our ancestors. The word for making a burnt-offering is the same in Greek and Sanskrit—*śhu* being obviously cognate with *hu*, where *h*, as often, stands for *dh*. The mere fact of the existence of religious worship amongst those primeval shepherds and warriors is highly interesting, but its value is much increased by the circumstance that we can point out several individual gods who were objects of fable and prayer long before the Indians, Greeks, and Teutons had a separate national existence. Since the scholars of Europe became acquainted with the Rig-veda, and commenced the critical study of the Zend writings, the comparative mythology of the Aryans has been investigated by philologists of the first rank, such as Burnouf, Lassen, Spiegel, Max Müller, Albrecht Weber, Jacob Grimm, and Adalbert Kuhn, the author of the work which has been taken as a text for this article. This new science must in nowise be confounded with the attempts of the scholars of the seventeenth century to trace the origin of heathen mythology to the traditions of the Jews, nor with Creuzer's theory, so rife in Germany fifty years ago, that the Greek and Occidental religions in general are derived from an Oriental source, the East being considered as the depository of a higher knowledge, which had been either preserved from the youth of humanity, or developed at an early period amongst its priests and sages. Modern comparative mythology simply starts from the probability that the Aryan nations, so closely connected in language, may well have had certain fundamental religious ideas in common, and that these, being in existence before the separation of the tribes, were afterwards independently developed. The problem proposed is, therefore—Given the names of the gods and the tales connected with them respectively, to find by careful comparison what those religious ideas actually were. This investigation is, however, one of considerable difficulty. For, of course, mythological conceptions or tales common to two or more Aryan nations can be attributed to the one primeval people only when it is clear that they have not found their way from one to another after the separation of races. For instance, many European popular tales are found to be identical with Hindoo stories. But it would be wrong to regard these as relics of the original unity, for, as Benfey points out in his edition of the *Panchatantra*, they came to us as late as the Middle Ages, partly through the medium of the Arabs, and partly through that of the Tibetans and Mongols.

Such tales as these, then, are excluded from the domain of comparative mythology. But even where subsequent intercommunication is impossible, it is not always safe to claim a proethnic origin for apparently identical legends. The identity of the human mind, and of the broader features of the nature that surrounds mankind, is such that even nations altogether different in origin may light on similar mythological ideas. Thus, when we find the image of the mundane egg with the Hindoos, Persians, and Greeks, we might well suppose it a remnant of a proethnic Aryan myth, and assume that the Phœnicians and Egyptians had borrowed it from an Aryan nation, as is certainly the case with the Japanese, who got this, as well as other mythological notions, from the Hindoos, by means of their Buddhist missionaries. But such a supposition can hardly be maintained when we find the same myth in the Finnish *Kalevala*; and it becomes impossible to do so when we find our mundane egg reappearing in the Pacific Isles and in South America. In this, as in many other similar instances, we must therefore admit the independent growth of the myth in different localities—a psychological instead of an historical unity.

Under these circumstances, it may be laid down as a general rule that we should not conclude that the legend met with among different Aryan tribes was really known to the one pre-historical people, unless the names of the gods acting the main part therein are the same; and we hold that, in establishing this identity, we must strictly adhere to the phonetic laws recognised in comparative philology. In some rare cases of coincidence in very peculiar or very many features, the corroborative evidence of the names may perhaps be dispensed with. We venture to think that comparative mythologists have not been sufficiently cautious, and have rushed over-hastily to the conclusion of a proethnic origin whenever they saw, or fancied they saw, some slight resemblance between a Greek or Teutonic tale and a myth of the Rig-veda or the Çatapatha-brāhmaṇa. We say this without the slightest wish to detract from their merits or to depreciate the value of the results which they have already attained. To them we are indebted for knowing that the *Zeus pater* of the Greeks is a much older deity than many would have imagined—that he is, in fact, the Dyaus pitā, the "Father-Heaven," of the Rig-veda.\* He is, of course, not different from the Latin *Ju-piter*, which stands for *Dju-piter*—compare *Dialis*, *Dijovis*, and the dative *Djovēi* of the Oscan inscription of Agnone. The genitives of the Sanskrit and Greek names are respectively *Div-ās*, *Δι(ς)-έος*; and as a Teutonic *t* is regularly the representative of a Greek *δ* (compare *tame*, *two*, *ten*, with *ταῦτα*, *δύο*, *δέκα*), there can be no doubt of their identity with the Old English *Tiv*, O.H.G. *Zio*, Old Norse *Ty-r*. The Gothic name, if extant, would be *Tius*. Thus, we have actually preserved in our *Tue-s-day* (Old English *Tiv-esdæg*) the name of the highest god of our ancestors, the Father-Heaven. The worship of the sky was also the primitive religion of many negro tribes, of the Chinese, Mongols, Turks, and Ostiaks, probably, too, of the Finns and Esthonians, so that we see again how cautious

\* Die Herabkunft des Feuers und des Göttertranks. Ein Beitrag zur vergleichenden Mythologie der Indogermanen, von Adalbert Kuhn. Berlin.

† In the first volume of Weber's *Indische Studien*, p. 321.

‡ Oxford Essays, 1856.

\* Here, as often, *ζ* has arisen from *dy*.



we should be in drawing historical inferences from mere coincidence of ideas without identity of names.

The god Parjanya of the rainy thunder-cloud, invoked in three hymns of the Rig-veda, has been found again, in Perkūnas, the thunder-god of the Lithuanians. The Saranyu of the Hindoos, whether or not she be the goddess of the thunder-cloud, must be identified with the Greek Ἑρμῆς; for, besides the etymological identity of the names, the singular myth that Saranyu took the form of a mare, to escape from the god Vivasvat, who, however, pursued her as a stallion, with the usual result, is evidently the same as that of Demeter-Erinyas and Poseidon. The two Āsvins, the sons of Dyaus, geni of the morning-light, and close companions of the goddess of the dawn—horsemen, as their name imports (āsva-s = equus), who save vessels in trouble and give help in time of need—are, in all probability, the Dioscuri of the Greeks. Their name appears in the Zend writings under the form Appina.

These and some other gods—Sārameyas = Hermes, Rbhus = Orpheus, and perhaps Varuna = Uranos—may be confidently referred to the common Aryan time, for traces of them are found both amongst the European and Asiatic Aryans. The like could not be affirmed of the Greek Hestia, who is the same as the Latin Vesta, or of Priye, a Slavonic Venus, who must be identified with the Old High German Fria, in Fria-tac, our *Fri-day*. These, perhaps, were only known amongst the European Aryans when they continued to form one nation, but had already separated from their Asiatic brethren; or they may even have belonged only to two European tribes more especially connected—their worship having sprung up only during the continuance of such special connexion. Even so there are many gods and myths common only to the Aryans of India and Persia. This was to be expected, as the close resemblance of Sanskrit and Zend proves that the nations that spoke these languages separated only at a comparatively recent period. Thus, to mention one instance out of a number—the Mitra of the Vedas, subsequently forgotten by the Hindoos, is the well-known sun-god of the Persians, whose mysteries were spread so widely in the early Christian centuries.

Professor Kuhn, in his book on the Descent of Fire and the Drink of the Gods, has carefully collected from the Vedic hymns and the Brāhmanas all that can bear on his subject. He has also compared with the Hindoo myths the similar stories in the mythologies of the kindred nations. Thus, with the myth of Agni = *ignis*, "fire," or "the god of fire," hidden in a cave and brought back from the gods to men by Mātariçvan, or other beings of semi-divine or priestly character, Kuhn compares the tale of Prometheus. But the German scholar fails to establish the essential point that Agni was brought down from the sky. Neither will our philological conscience allow us to adopt the new etymology of Προμηθεύς, which Kuhn would connect with the Sanskrit root *māth*, "agitate," used to signify the primitive method of obtaining fire by twirling one piece of wood in a hole made in another; so that Prometheus would mean "agitator," "shaker," "kindler of the fire." But the Sanskrit *th* is rarely if ever represented by *s*, and the Old-Slavonic *ment-on*, "I press," "agitate," shows that in the root in question *t*, and not *th*, is the original sound. We therefore stand by the old derivation of the Titan's name from προμηθεύς. According to another Vedic myth, Agni came down from the sky as "a dropping spark, a strong falcon, a pure, golden-winged, swift bird." In this form of the myth, an epithet frequently applied to him is *dhurānyu*, "swift." This Kuhn, with some probability, connects with the name of Φορβανεύς, the Argive hero, son of the river Inachos, whom, according to Pausanias, the people of Argolis believed to have brought fire to men. The connexion would be indubitable if we could produce a Sanskrit *dhurānyu*.

Very interesting are the tales which turn on the robbing of the Soma. Properly the soma was the juice of the *Asclepias acida*, which the Hindoos used as a libation to the gods. But it subsequently got personified as a deity. Etymologically and mythologically the Zend *haōma* is identical with soma. The Hindoos also believed that the soma of the gods was kept by certain deities, the Gandharvas, and that the god Indra, carrying off this nectar in the form of a falcon, was wounded by one of its guardians named *Kṛçānu*. With this personage Kuhn rightly identifies Kereçani, of whom the Zend writings say, "Haōma took away from him the power." Kuhn, moreover, identifies with the Vedic myth the Old-Norse story of Suttúngi's mead—how this marvelous mead, which made every one that partook of it a skald or a sage, was guarded in a mountain, until O'dhinn got to it by stealth, drank it up, and flew away in an eagle's garb to A'sgardhr. He also finds the soma in the Centaurs' jar of wine which was kept by Pholos. Heracles, it will be remembered, had to fight the Centaurs who were attracted by the fragrance when this jar was opened by his kindly entertainer. The last comparison rests on the assumed identity of the Centaurs and the Gandharvas, which Kuhn had previously attempted to establish in the first volume of his *Journal of Comparative Philology*. They have certainly a great many points of resemblance. The Gandharvas are archers and musicians, wise, like Chiron, fond of wine and women, and, lastly, they are semi-equine. The names, too, Gandharva, *Κίτταρος*, are very nearly the same, but the difficulty of having a Sanskrit *dh* represented by *r* instead of *s* cannot easily be got over. According to Benary's law we should have had *Kiṭṭavapoc*.

Here we must leave Professor Kuhn's valuable and interesting book, which throws so much light on the mythology of the Veda

—a subject of great importance, although we can hardly agree with Professor Max Müller in saying that it is to comparative mythology what Sanskrit has been to comparative grammar.

#### RINGTON PRIORY AND ALICE HYTHE.\*

SO long as novels continue to increase and multiply upon the earth at their present rate, it is out of the question to apply rules of absolute criticism to ordinary members of the class. One must regard each tale relatively to the scores which have immediately preceded, and are about instantly to follow it. It would be unjust and useless to pick out a novel at random from the library lists, and sit down to contrast it with the ideal of romance. There is still, no doubt, a Corypheus of the art, here and there, who in this or that bygone work so nearly touched the ideal, and has since then fallen so far below it, that to compare him with his former self (which is all fair play) may be as damaging a process as he could be put through. But when one has to survey the world of novelists who do not come within the first rank, and large numbers not even within the second or third rank, of the fraternity, it is, as we have said, unjust and unfitting to take up the parable of absolute criticism. Many of these writers set a very modest value on their own powers, and place before their eyes a lowly aim. They do not profess to be writing in obedience to some mysterious impulse from within, or to be satisfying in spite of themselves the cravings of imperious genius. They write in order to supply an existing demand. It is with the demand that the critic's unceasing warfare should be waged. What it is that has stripped life of so many enjoyments which it formerly teemed with, and rendered it so insipid, so barren in resource, that we are thrown back upon reading mediocre fiction to an extent perfectly bewildering to contemplate, we do not pretend to divine. That is a problem which it concerns, or will some day concern, society to resolve for itself. In the meanwhile, we have no quarrel against writers who merely meet the demand; and any author of decent ability, who exhibits a painstaking resolution to meet it to the best of his or her powers, deserves so far praise, even though the work achieved may altogether fail to merit the name of Art.

We link together in one notice the two books whose names are given above, and whose character has in part suggested the remarks just made, because, though widely dissimilar in many respects, they hold much the same literary rank, and appear to us to claim, from differing considerations, about the same amount of commendation. *Rington Priory*, the work of a female hand, is by far the smoother and more finished production of the pair. The plot is simple enough. The village of Rington contains among its inhabitants a gentlemanly doctor; two charming daughters of the late rector, living with their mother in Whitethorn Cottage; and, by and by, an old millionaire builder, who has given up business and bought the Priory. Grainger, the ex-builder, is a widower, and brings with him his only child—a somewhat *passée* young lady of thirty-five—and a Mrs. Beresford, the accomplished chaperone of Miss Grainger, who contrives to make her fair share of mischief before the play is played out. Some little time previous to the advent of the Grainger family, Seymour Browne, the handsome doctor, plights his troth (but secretly, for fear of lady-patients) to Lucy Stanforth, the loveliest of the two girls at Whitethorn Cottage. Not that Lucy herself is very much there, because, to help out the family income, she is governess at Rington Park, the seat of a neighbouring baronet. Lady Diana Prescott, the baronet's wife, makes a very pleasant sketch indeed, and adds to the general effect of the story by serving as a foil to the vulgarity and selfishness of the *parvenu's* daughter. Upon Seymour Browne the authoress has expended her very best powers. She writes about him and his ways with an almost cruel relish, as if she would say—"I have got a downright selfish man well into my power. Here he is, a perfect specimen of the baser portion of his sex, and he is at my mercy. I will show him up without compunction. I will spit him, and watch his struggles." In drawing the characters of this gentleman and his betrothed, she has helped to justify the French maxim about ladies' novels—*il se trouve presque toujours que c'est la femme qui a le beau rôle, et l'homme le rôle inférieur*. Browne is very fond of Lucy Stanforth, and loves her to the end of the chapter a great deal better than any other woman. But, by the natural constitution of this sort of man, he is incapable of giving her anything higher than the third place in his heart. His first idol is himself; his second, money; Lucy is a good third, but more than that she cannot be. The reader is, of course, prepared for the sequel. That mature spinster, Miss Grainger, is dying for a husband; her father for an heir. Some dozen or fifteen years ago, a coronet was freely spoken of as a *sine qua non* of the lady's accepted suitor. At a later period younger sons would have been readily taken, but none came. And so it came to pass that, at the time of the story, Mr. Grainger had fairly wiped his shoes against a bloated aristocracy, and was making up his mind to manufacture a son-in-law for himself. To take a man without a penny, and, having bestowed his daughter upon him, to endow him munificently, and to recognise his own handiwork in the brilliant career

\* *Rington Priory*. A Tale. By Ethel Hone, Author of "Prison Narratives," &c. 3 vols. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1864.

*Alice Hythe*. A Novel. By William Platt, Author of "Betty Westminster," "Yorke House," "Grace of Glenholme," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Charles J. Skeet. 1864.

of his *protégé*, was the millionaire's present whim. Seymour Browne appeared to be the very man for the occasion. Nor was he the sort of person to hold out long against the attractions spread before his very eyes. If Eliza Grainger was not a jewel in herself, she carried an untold number about her. Lucy, it is true, was not forgotten. Her claims, as idol number three, were imperative; but Eliza was the bodily representative of number two. To marry her—the only child of an old Cæsar not likely to marry again—was, in short, to marry gold;

Gold to lay by, and gold to spend,  
Gold to give, and gold to lend,  
And reversions of gold in futuro.

Accordingly, Seymour Browne marries Miss Grainger; and Lucy, in a brain-fever, touches the threshold of death's door. The married life of the selfish man, involving of course the active operations of Nemesis, is described with great skill by the authoress. She has shown a clever conception of her subject by never allowing him, where his wife is concerned, to look less than a man. We feel that there is enough stuff in him to make retribution tell; he is not fallen so low but that he will feel the lash, and smart severely under it. He has behaved like a snob, and bartered his peace of mind for money; but he is not the Golden Lady's slave. From the first days of the honeymoon—which, "though tipped with gold, shone rather wan, and distant, and cold"—he is her master; and by and by he steadily sets himself to do his duty by her. Old Grainger unexpectedly marries again, and this throws them more together by supplying a common ground of complaint. Taking into consideration the change in their future expectations caused by the father's marriage, the doctor relieves his *ennui* by starting in a London practice, and soon wins an independent income of his own. Frequent bickerings, of considerable intensity, still arise at intervals, especially when Mrs. Seymour Browne discovers the secret of her husband's former engagement. In a few years, however, she dies out of hand, and in due course Dr. Browne bethinks himself of his old love, whose sister is by this time married to a highly unselfish clerical brother of his own. He deserves a better fate than Miss Hone has in store for him. He has been guilty of one dastardly action in his life, but he has had it brought home to him day and night during the last five years. He is not the man he was; "the hard lines about his mouth, the compressed lips, the taciturn reserved habit, spoke of an alteration that grief for the dead never alone brings with it." However, the authoress has no pity. He has committed the most grievous offence that a man who is within a little of being a fine fellow, but who is selfish in the grain, can commit against a woman, and he begs Lucy's forgiveness, and pleads for a renewal of old days, only to be utterly and hopelessly refused. We dare say that this, and one or two other unexpected turns in the plot, may damage the authoress in the judgment of some of her gentler readers. She has, however, performed her unassuming task very well on the whole, treading in the steps of Miss Yonge here and there with a little too much exactness, but with the merit of being distinct, natural, and equable both in conception and in style.

Mr. Platt's novel of *Alice Hythe*, if less pleasing, is more vigorous and dramatic than *Rington Priory*. He also tells the story of a selfish man; but Sir Harold Knighton, his central figure, errs not so much against the lady of his love as against himself. There is a great deal of artistic subtlety and skill in the design of Harold's relationship towards Alice Hythe. This lovely, but rather lifeless, lady is ward to a rich aunt of his, and has been intimate from early childhood with the young baronet and his sister. She is a single-hearted and devoted girl, and loves Harold all the more fondly because it has never occurred to her to love any one else. His father, the late baronet, died in great embarrassment; and the good angels of the younger generation clearly intend Aunt Hythe to bequeath to Alice her splendid fortune, including Combe Abbey, the heavy mortgages on that ancestral home of the Knightons having been bought up by her. As Lady Knighton, Alice will thus set the finances of the family to rights once more. The point of Mr. Platt's conception is, that Harold shall give his *bona fide* consent to this rose-coloured plan of his destiny; and yet that fate shall prove too strong for the good angels, the rich aunt, and the young people into the bargain. The engine wielded by envious Fate is the youth's dilatoriness and pleasure-loving nature. His mental build reminds one, though without a touch of plagiarism, of Arthur Donnithorne in *Adam Bede*. He would be furious if the notion of Alice marrying any one else were suggested to him. But he wants to see life before settling down. He gets his aunt, who on his mother's death becomes also his guardian, to give him six months' "run abroad" before formally going into harness and giving his plighted word to his cousin. At the end of that time he wants six months more, and gradually comes to a complication of grief before their expiration. If he had but two additional grains of firmness in him, he would marry Alice offhand and be happy. Instead of this, he gets himself talked about in connexion with a lovely Liègeoise, the sister of a Belgian Baron L'Estrange, and loses money to a scoundrel count, who comes within an inch of murdering him. In the meantime, guileless Alice is breaking the heart of a most excellent young man, Walter Leslie, who, "with all the artist's soul within him," is voluntarily tying himself down to an office-stool, in the large shipowning concern of which Aunt Hythe is one of the heads. Here, again, the reader may propose, but the novelist, as the expounder of Fate, disposes. An excellent opportunity seems to have occurred for Alice to break away from the dilatory baronet, and

leaving him to work out his caprice as he may, to consolidate the shipowning firm by making Walter Leslie happy. But this is not to be. She lingers on, patiently drooping, hoping against hope for his return. He does reappear, at the eleventh hour, to find Combe Abbey in flames, and Alice in danger of being buried in the ruins. He rescues her, and she dies in his arms. This is a decidedly melodramatic turn of the story, especially as the author takes care to fill the house with company to overflowing, as if to heighten the effect of the disaster. The incident might have been dispensed with to advantage; but we are bound to add that it is the only stroke of the kind throughout the story. After a penitential interval, Harold marries the Baron's sister, and the other personages fall well into place. Evelyn Knighton, a warmhearted girl, full of life and spirits, groups well with the two principal characters. She is livelier than her cousin, more straightforward and downright than her brother, whom she occasionally takes to task with amusing effect. She is in due course happily married to Major Conroy O'Kerry, who contributes much to the by-play of the narrative. Mr. Platt is no novice as a *raconteur*, and clearly has a good command of the "properties" of fiction. In *Alice Hythe* he has written a decidedly clever story, worked out with considerable power and fertility. What it wants is greater unity of design, more care in the incidental characters, and a simpler style. The figure of Miss Hilda Pole, for example—a literary lady, tall, formidable, yet able to lead captive the jovial Baron—seems to us to border on a monstrosity. As for style, in no kind of literary composition is it so important as in novel-writing. It may redeem an inferior story, or spoil a good one. When will authors remember the four golden qualities embodied in the poet's single line:—

Fit and fair and simple and sufficient?

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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